ROUND HEADS,

OR, THE

Good Old Cause,

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

DUKE'S Theatre.

Written by Mrs. Aphra Behn.

LONDON:
Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and sold by *Percival Gilborne*, at the *Harrow*, at the corner of *Chancery-Lane*, and *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys* in St. *Martins-Lane*, near *Long-Acre*. 1698.

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To the Right Noble

HENRY FITZ-ROY,

Duke of *Grafton*, Earl of *Sutton*, Viſcount of *Ipſwich*, Baron of *Sudbury*, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and Colonel of his Majeſties Regiment of Foot-Guards, *&c.*

May it pleaſe Your Grace,

Dedications which were Originally deſign'd, as a Tribute to that Reverence and juſt eſteem we ought to pay the Great *and* Good; *are now ſo corrupted with Flattery, that they rarely either find a Reception in the World, or merit that Patronage they wou'd implore. But I without fear Approach the great Object, being above that mean and mercenary Art; nor can I draw the Lovely Picture half ſo charming and ſo manly as it is; and that Author may more properly boaſt of a Lucky Hitt, whoſe choice and Fortune is ſo good, than if he had pleas'd all the different ill Judging world beſides in the buſineſs of the* Play; *for none that way, can ever hope to pleaſe all; in an Age when Faction rages, and diſferent Parties diſagree in all things--But coming the firſt day to a new Play with a Loyal Tule, and then even the ſober and tender conſcienc'd, throng as to a forbidden Conventicle, fearing the Cub of their old Bear of Reformation ſhould be expos'd, to be the ſcorn of the wicked, and dreading (tho' but the faint ſhadow of their own deformity) their* Rebellion, Murders, Maſſacres *and* Villanies, *from forty upwards, ſhould be Repreſented for the better undeceiving and informing of the World, flock in a full Aſſembly with a pious deſign to Hiſs and Rail it as much out of countenance as they would* Monarchy, Religion, Laws, *and* Honeſty; *throwing the* Act of Oblivion *in our Teeths, as if that (whoſe mercy cannot make them forget their old Rebellion) cou'd hinder honeſt Truths from breaking out upon 'em in Edifying Plays, where the Loyal hands ever out-do their venom'd Hiſs; a good and happy Omen, if Poets may be allow'd for Prophets as of old they were: and 'tis as eaſily ſeen at a new Play how the Royal Intereſt thrives, as at a City Election, how the* Good Old Couſe *is carried on; as a Noble Peer lately ſaid,* Tho' the Tories have got the better of us at the Play, we carried it in the City by many Voices, God be praiſed!

This Play, call'd, The Roundheads, *which I humbly lay at your Graces feet, Pardon the Title, and Heaven defend you from the bloodly Race, was carried in the*

House nemine contra dicente, *by the Royal Party, and under your Grace's Illustrious Patronage is safe from any new Seditious affronts abroad; Your Grace alone, whom Heaven and Nature has form'd the most adorable Person in the whole Creation, with all the advantages of a glorious Birth, has a double right and power to defend all that approach you for Sanctuary; your very Beauty is a Guard to all you daigne to make safe: for You were born for Conquest every way; even what* Phanatick, *what peevish* Politician, *testy with* Age, Diseases, *miscarried* Plots, *disappointed* Revolutions, *envious of* Power, *of* Princes, *and of* Monarchy, *and mad with* Zeal *for* Change *and* Reformation, *could yet be so far lost to sense of Pleasure, as not to turn a Rebel to Revenge the* Good old Cause, *and the patronage to* Plebean *sedition with only looking on you, 'twou'd force his meger face to blushing smiles, and make him swear he had mistook the side, curse his own Party, and if possible, be reconciled to Honesty again: such power have charms like Yours to calm the soul, and will in spight of You plead for me to the disaffected, even when they are at Wars with your Birth and Power. But this* Play, *for which I humbly beg your Grace's Protection, needs it in a more peculiar manner, it having drawn down Legions upon its head, for its Loyalty* —— what, to Name us cries one, 'tis most abominable, unheard of daring cries another —— she deserves to be swing'd cries a third; *as if twere all a Libel, a Scandal impossible to be prov'd, or that their Rogueries were of so old a Date their Reign were past Remembrance or History; when they take such zealous care to renew it daily to our memories: And I am satisfied, that they that will justifie the best of these Traytors, deserves the fate of the worst, and most manifestly declare to the World by it, they wou'd be at the* Old Game *their fore-Fathers play'd with so good success: yet if there be any honest loyal man allied to any here nam'd, I heartily beg his pardon for any offensive Truth I have spoken, and 'tis a wonderfull thing that amongst so Numerous a Flock they will not allow of one mangy Sheep; not one Rogue in the whole Generation of the Association.* Ignoramus the 1st and the 2d.

But as they are I leave 'em to your Grace to Judge of 'em; to whom I humbly present this small Mirror, of the late wretched Times: wherein your Grace may see something of the Miseries three the Most Glorious Kingdoms of the Universe were reduc'd to; where your Royal Ancestors victoriously Reign'd for so many hundred years: How they were Govern'd, Parcell'd out, and deplorably inslav'd, and to what Low, Prostituted Lewdness they fell at last: where the Nobility and Gentry were the most contemn'd and despis'd part of them, and such Meane (and till then obscure) Villains Rul'd, and Tyranniz'd, that no Age, *nor* Time, *or scarce a Parish Book makes mentions or can show there was any such Name or Family. Yet these were those that impudently Tug'd for Empire, and Prophan'd that illustrious Throne and Court, so due then, and possest now (through the infinite Mercies of God to this bleeding Nation) by the best of Monarchs; a Monarch, who had the divine goodness to Pardon even his worst of Enemies what was past; Nay, out of his Vast and God-like Clemency, did more than Heaven it self can do, put it out of his Power by* an Act of Oblivion, *to punish the unparalell'd Injuries done His Sacred Person, and the rest of the Royal Family: How great his Patience has been since, I leave to all the World to judge: but*

Heaven

Heaven be prais'd, he has not yet forgot the Sufferings and Murders of the Glorious Martyr of ever Bleſſed memory, Your Graces Sacred Grandfather, and by what Arts and Ways that Deviliſh Plot was layed! and will like a skilful Pilate, by the wreck of one Rich Veſſel, learn how to ſhun the danger of this preſent Threatning and ſave the reſt from ſinking; The Clouds already begin to diſappear, and the face of things to change, thanks to Heaven his Majeſties infinite Wiſdom, and the Over-Zeal of the (falſly called) True Proteſtant Party: *Now we may pray for the King and his Royal Brother, defend his Cauſe, and aſſert his Right, without the fear of a taſte of the Old Sequeſtration call'd a* Fine; *Guard the Illuſtrious Pair, good Heaven, from Helliſh Plots, and all the Deviliſh Machinations of Factious Cruelties: and you, great Sir, (whoſe Merits have ſo Juſtly deſerv'd that glorious Command ſo lately truſted to your Care, which Heaven increaſe, and make your glad Regiment Armies for our ſafety. May you become the great Example of Loyalty and Obedience, and ſtand a firm and unmoveable Pillar to* Monarchy, *a Noble Bullwark to* Majeſty; *defend the Sacred Cauſe, imploy all that Youth, Courage, and Noble Conduct which God and Nature purpoſely has endued you with, to ſerve the Royal Intereſt: You, Sir, who are obliged by a double Duty to Love, Honour, and Obey his Majeſty, both as a Father and a King! O undiſſolvable Knot! O Sacred Union! what Duty, what Love, what Adoration can expreſs or repay the Debt we owe the firſt, or the Allegiance due to the laſt, but where both meet in one, to make the Tye Eternal; Oh what Counſel, what Love of Power, what fancied Dreams of Empire, what fickle Popularity can inſpire the heart of Man, or any Noble mind, with Sacrilegious thoughts againſt it, can harbour or conceive a ſtubborn diſobedience: Oh what Son can deſert the Cauſe of an Indulgent Parent, what Subject, of ſuch a Prince, without renouncing the Glory of his Birth, his Loyalty, and good Nature.*

Ah Royal lovely Youth! beware of falſe Ambition; wiſely believe your Elevated Glory, (at leaſt) more happy then a Kings, you ſhare their Joys, their pleaſures and magnificence, without the toils and buſineſs of a Monarch, *their carefull days and reſtleſs thoughtfull nights; know, you are bleſt with all that Heaven can give, or you can wiſh; your Mind and Perſon ſuch, ſo excellent, that Love knows no fault it would wiſh to mend, nor Envy to increaſe! bleſt with a Princeſs of ſuch undiſputable charming Beauty, as if Heaven, deſigning to take a peculiar care in all that concerns your Happineſs, had form'd her on purpoſe, to compleat it.*

Hail happy glorious Pair! the perfect joy and pleaſure of all that look on ye, for whom all Tongues and Hearts have Prayers and Bleſſings; May you out-live Sedition, and ſee your Princely Race as Numerous as Beautifull, and thoſe all great and Loyal Supporters of a long Race of Monarchs *of this Sacred Line. This ſhall be the perpetual wiſh, this is the Eternal Prayer of*

SIR,

Your Graces moſt Humble,
and moſt Obedient Servant,

A. Behn.

PRO-

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by the Ghoſt of *Hewſon* aſcending from Hell dreſt as a Cobler.

I Am the Ghoſt of him who was a true Son
Of the late *GOOD OLD CAUSE*, Eclipſed, *Huſon*,
Rous'd by ſtrange ſcandal, from th' eternal flame
With noiſe of Plots, of wonderous Birth and Name
Whilſt the ſly Jeſuit robs us of our fame.
Can all their Conclave, tho' with Hell th' agree
Act miſchief equal to Presbytery?
Look back on our ſucceſs in Forty One,
Was ever braver Villanies carried on
Or new ones now more hopefully begun.
And ſhall our unſucceſs our merit loſe
And make us quit the Glory of our Cauſe!
No, Hire new Villains, Rogues without remorſe
And let no Law nor Conſcience ſtop your courſe!
Let Politicians order the Confuſion.
And let the Saints pay Pious Contribution.
Pay thoſe that Rail, and thoſe that can delude
With ſcribling Nonſenſe the Looſe Multitude.
Pay well your Witneſſes, they may not run
To the right ſide and tell who ſet 'em on:
Pay 'em ſo well, that they may ne'er Recant
And ſo turn honeſt meerly out of want.
Pay Juries that no formal Laws may harm us
Let Treaſon be ſecur'd by *Ignoramus*.
Pay Bully Whig, who Loyal writers bang
And honeſt Tories in Effigie hang:
Pay thoſe that burn the Pope to pleaſe the fools
And daily pay Right Honourable Tooles
Pay all the Pulpit knaves that Treaſon brew
And let the zealous Siſters pay 'em too;
Juſtices, bound by Oath, and Obligation
Pay them the utmoſt price of their Damnation
Not to diſturb our uſeful Congregation

Nor

Nor let the Learned Rabble be forgot
Thoſe Pious hands that crown our hopefull Plot,
No, Modern States-men cry 'tis Lunacy
To barter Treaſon with ſuch Rogues as we.
But ſubtiller *Oliver* did not diſdain.
His Mightier Politicks with ours to joyn.
I, for all uſes in a State was able
Cou'd Mutiny, cou'd fight, hold forth, and Cobble.
Your lazy Stateſman, may ſometimes direct
But your ſmall buſie knaves the Treaſon Act.

Actors

Actors Names.

1. *Lord Fleetwood.* } Competitors for the Crown, but *Lambert* is
2. *Lord Lambert.* } General of the Army.

Lord Wariſton. Chairman of the Committee of Safety.

Hewſon.
Desbro.
Duckingfield.
Corbet.
} Commanders, and Committee men.

3. *Lord Whitlock.*

Ananias Goggle. Lay Elder of *Clements* Pariſh.
A Rabble. Of the ſanctifi'd Mobily.
Corporal Right. An *Oliverian* Commander, but honeſt, and a Cavalier in his heart.

Loveleſs A Royaliſt, a man of honour, loves Lady *Lambert.*

Freeman. His friend, of the ſame Character in love with Lady *Desbro.*

Lady Lambert In love with *Loveleſs.*
Lady Desbro In love with *Freeman.*
Lady Fleetwood.
Lady Cromwell.
Gilliflower Lady *Lamberts* Old Woman.
Several Ladies —— For Redreſs of Grievances.
Two Pages To Lady *Lambert.*
Page To Lady *Desbro.*

Footmen Fidlers, and a Band of Loyal City Apprentices.

THE

THE *ROUND-HEADS*, OR THE Good Old Cauſe.

ACT I. Scene I. *The Street.*

Enter three Soldiers, and Corporal Right.

Cor. AH Rogues, the World runs finely round, the buſineſs is done.

1 *Sold.* Done! the Town's our own, my fine Raſcal.

2 *Sold.* We'll have Harlots by the Belly, Sirrah.

1 *Sold.* Thoſe are Commodities I confeſs I wou'd fain be trucking for,——but no words of that Boy.

Cor. Stand, who goes there? [*To them a Joyner and Felt-maker.*

1 *Sold.* Who are you for,—— hah?

Joy. Are for Friend; we are for Gad and the Lord *Fleetwood.*

1 *Sold. Fleetwood*, knock 'em down, *Fleetwood* that ſnivelling Thief?

Fleet. Why Friends, who are ye for?

Cor. For! who ſhou'd we be for, but *Lambert*, Noble *Lambert*? Is this a time o'th' day to declare for *Fleetwood*, with a Pox? indeed, i'th morning 'twas a Queſtion had like to have been decided with puſh a Pike.

2 *Sold.* Dry blows wou'd ne'r a don't, ſome muſt have ſweat blood for't, but——'tis now decided.

Joy. Decided!

2 *Sold.* Yes, decided Sir, without your Rule for't.

Joyn. Decided! by whom Sir? by us the Free-born Subjects of *England*, by the Honourable Committee of Safety, or the Right Reverend City? without which Sir, I humbly conceive, your Declaration for *Lambert* is illegal, and againſt the Property of the People.

2 *Sold.* Plain *Lambert*; here's a ſawcy Dog of a Joyner; Sirrah, get ye home, and mind your Trade, and ſave the Hang-man a labour.

Joyn. Look ye, Friend, I fear no Hang-man in Chriſtendom; for Conſcience and Publick good, for Liberty and Property, I dare as far as any man.

2 *Sold.* Liberty and Property, with a pox, in the mouth of a Joyner; you are a pretty Fellow to ſettle the Nation, —what ſays my Neighbour Feltmaker?

Felt. Why verily, I have a high reſpect for my honourable Lord *Fleetwood*, he is my intimate Friend, and till I find his Party the weaker, I hope my Zeal will be ſtrengthened for him.

2 *Sold.* Zeal for *Fleetwood*, Zeal for a Halter, and that's your due: Why, what has he ever done for you? Can he lead you out to Battle? Can he ſilence the very Cannon with his Eloquence alone? ——Can he talk——or fight—or—

Felt. But verily he can pay thoſe that can, and that's as good——and he can pray———

2 *Sold.* Let him pray, and we'll fight, and ſee whoſe buſineſs is done firſt; We are for the General, who carries charms in every ſyllable; can act both the Soldier and the Courtier, at once expoſe his Breaſt to dangers for our ſakes—and tell the reſt of the pretended Slaves a fair Tale, but hang 'em ſooner than truſt 'em.

1 *Sold.* Ay, ay, a *Lambert*, a *Lambert*, he has courage, *Fleetwood*'s an Aſs to him.

Felt. Hum—here's Reaſon Neighbour. [*to the Joyner.*

Joyn. That's all one, we do not act by reaſon.

Corp. Fleetwood's a Coward.

2 *Sold.* A Blockhead.

1 *Sold.* A ſnivelling Fool; a General in the Hangings, no better.

Joyn. What think ye then of *Vane*?

2 *Sold.* As of a Fool, that has dreamt of a new Religion, and only fit to reign in the Fifth Monarchy he preaches ſo much up; but no King in this Age.

Felt. What of *Haſlerig*?

2 *Sold.* A Hangman for *Haſlerig*, I cry, No, no, One and all, a *Lambert*, a *Lambert*; he is our General, our Protector, our King, our Keiſer, our—even what he pleaſes himſelf.

1 *Sold.* Well, if he pleaſes himſelf he pleaſes me.

2 *Sold.* He's our Riſing Sun, and we'll adore him, for the Speaker's Glory's ſet.

Cor. At nought, Boyes; how the Rogue look'd when his Coach was ſtop'd?

Joyn. Under favour, what ſaid the Speaker?

2 *Sold.* What ſaid he? pretbee what cou'd he ſay that we wou'd admit for Reaſon? Reaſon and our buſ'neſs are two things: Our Will was Reaſon and Law too, and the Word of Command lodg'd in our Hilts: *Cobbet* and *Duckenfield* ſhow'd 'em Cock-pit Law.

Cor. He underſtood not Soldiers Dialect; the Language of the Sword puzled his Underſtanding; the Keenneſs of which, was too ſharp for his Wit, and over-rul'd his Roles—therefore he very mannerly kiſs'd his kand, and wheel'd about,———

2 *Sold.* To the place from whence he came.

Cor.

Cor. And e're long to the place of Execution.

1 *Sold.* No, damn him, he'll have his Clergy.

Joyn. Why is he ſuch an Infidel to love the Clergy?

Cor. For his Ends: But come lets go drink the General's Health; *Lambert!* not *Fleetwood*, that Son of a Cuſtard, always quaking.

2 *Sold.* Ay, ay, *Lambert* I ſay, — beſides, he's a Gentleman.

Felt. Come, Come, Brother Soldier, let me tell you, I fear you have a *Stewart* in your Belly.

Cor. I am ſure you have a Rogue in your Heart, Sirrah, which a man may perceive through that ſanctified Dogs Face of yours; and ſo get ye gone ye Raſcals, and delude the Rabble with your canting Politicks. [*Every one beats 'em*

Felt. Nay, and you be in Wrath, I'll leave you.

Joyn. No matter Sir, I'll make you know I'm a Free-born Subject, there's Law for the Righteous Sir, there's Law. [*Go out.*

Cor. There's Halters ye Rogues? ———

2 *Sold.* Come Lads, lets to the Tavern, and drink Succeſs to change; I doubt not but to ſee 'em chop about, till it come to our great Hero again.—Come to the Tavern.

[*Going out, are met by* Loveleſs *and* Freeman *who enter, and ſtay the* Corporal.

Cor. I'll follow ye Comrade preſently. [*Exit the reſt of the Soldiers.*

——Save ye noble Colonel.

Free. How is't Corporal?

Cor. A brave World, Sir, full of Religion, Knavery, and Change; we ſhall ſhortly ſee better days.

Free. I doubt it Corporal;

Cor. I'll warrant you Sir, — but have you had never a Billet, no Preſent, nor Love-remembrance to day, from my good Lady *Desbro*?

Free. None, and wonder at it: Haſt thou not ſeen her Page to day?

Cor. Faith Sir, I was imploy'd in Affairs of State, by our Protector that ſhall be, and could not call.

Free. Protector that ſhall be? who's that, *Lambert* or *Fleetwood*, or both?

Cor. I care not which, ſo it be a Change; but I mean the General,—but Sir, my Lady *Desbro* is now at Morning Lecture here hard by, with the Lady *Lambert*.

Lov. Seeking the Lord for ſome great Miſchief or other.

Free. We have been there, but could get no opportunity of ſpeaking to her, — *Loveleſs*, know this Fellow, —— he's honeſt and true to the Hero, though a *Red-Coat*. I truſt him with my Love, and have done with my Life.

Lov. Love! Thou can'ſt never make me believe thou art earneſtly in Love with any one of that damn'd Reformation.

Free. Thou art a Fool; where I find Youth and Beauty, I adore, let the Saint be true or falſe.

Lov. 'Tis a Scandal to one of us to converſe with 'em; they are all ſanctifi'd *Jilts*; and there can be neither Credit nor Pleaſure in keeping 'em Com-

pany; and 'twere enough to get the Scandal of an Adherer to their deviliſh Politicks to be ſeen with 'em.

Free. What their Wives?

Lov. Yes, their Wives. What ſee'ſt thou in 'em but Hypocriſie? Make Love to 'em, they anſwer you in Scripture.

Free. Ay, and lye with you in Scripture too. Of all Whores, give me your zealous Whore; I never heard a Woman talk much of Heaven, but ſhe was much for the Creature too. What do'ſt think I had thee to the Meeting for?

Lov. To hear a Raſcal hold forth for Bodkins and Thimbles, Contribution my beloved! to carry on the Good Cauſe, that is, Roguery, Rebellion, and Treaſon, prophaning the ſacred Majeſty of Heaven, and our glorious Sovereign.

Free. But—— were there not pretty Women there?

Lov. Damn 'em for ſighing, groaning Hypocrites.

Free. But there was one, whom, that handſome Face and Shape of yours, gave more occaſion for ſighing, than any Mortification caus'd by the Cant of the Lay-Elder in the half Hogs-Head; Did'ſt thou not mind her?

Lov. Not I, damn it, I was all Rage, and had'ſt not thou reſtrain'd me, I had certainly pull'd that Rogue of a Holder-forth by the Ears from his ſanctifi'd Tub. 'Sdeath he humb'd and haw'd all my Patience away, noſed and ſnivel'd me to Madneſs. Heaven! That thou ſhould'ſt ſuffer ſuch Vermin to infect the Earth, ſuch Wolves amongſt thy Flocks, ſuch Thieves and Robbers of all Laws of God and Man, in thy Holy Temples. I rave to think to what thou'rt fall'n, poor *England*!

Free. But the ſhe Saint——

Lov. No more, were ſhe as fair as Fancy could imagine, to ſee her there won'd make me loath the Form; ſhe that can liſten to the dull Non-ſence, the bantering of ſuch a Rogue, ſuch an illiterate Raſcal, muſt be a Fool, paſt ſenſe of loving, *Free-man.*

Free. Thou art miſtaken.—— But, did'ſt thou mind her next the Pulpit?

Lov. A Plague upon the whole Congregation: I minded nothing but how to fight the Lords Battel with that damn'd ſham Parſon; whom I had a mind to beat.

Free. My Lady *Desbro* is not of that perſwaſion, but an errant Heroick in her Heart, and feigns it only to have the better occaſion to ſerve the Royal Party. I knew her, and lov'd her before ſhe married.

Lov. She may chance then to be ſav'd.

Free. Come, I'll have thee bear up briskly to ſome one of 'em, it may redeem thy Sequeſtration; which, now thou ſee'ſt no hopes of compounding, puts thee out of Patience.

Lov. Let 'em take it, and the Devil do 'em Good with it: I ſcorn it ſhould be ſaid I have a Foot of Land in this ungrateful and accurſed Iſland; I'd rather beg where Laws are obey'd and Juſtice perform'd, than be powerful where Rogues and baſe-born Raſcals rule the Roſt.

Free-

Free. But ſuppoſe now, dear *Loveleſs*, that one of the Wives of theſe Pageant Lords ſhould fall in love with thee, and get thy Eſtate again, or pay thee double for't?

Lov. I wou'd refuſe it.

Free. And this for a little diſſembl'd Love, a little Drudgery——

Lov. Not a night by Heaven——not an hour——no not a ſingle kiſs, I'd rather make love to an *Incubus*.

Free. But ſuppoſe 'twere the new Protectoreſs her ſelf, the fine Lady *Lambert*?

Lov. The greateſt Devil of all; Damn her, doſt think I'll Cuckold the Ghoſt of old *Oliver*?

Free. The better; there's ſome Revenge in't; do'ſt know her?

Love. Never ſaw her, nor care to do.

Cor. Collonel, Do you command me any thing?

Free. Yes, I'll ſend thee with a Note—Let's ſtep into a Shop and write it; *Loveleſs* ſtay a moment, and I'll be with thee. [*Ex. Free. and Corporal.*

Enter L. *Lambert*, L. *Desbro*, *Gilliflower*, *Pages with great Bibles*, *and Footmen*: *Love. walks ſullenly, not ſeeing 'em.* [L. *Lamb. Train carried.*

La. Lam. O, I'm impatient to know his Name; ah, *Desbro*, he betray'd all my Devotion; and when I would have pray'd, Heav'n knows it was to him, and for him only.

L. Des. What manner of Man was it?

L. Lam. I want words to deſcribe him; not tall, nor ſhort; well made, and ſuch a Face——Love, Wit and Beauty revel'd in his Eyes:
From whence he ſhot a thouſand winged Darts
That pierc'd quite through my Soul.

L. Des. Seem'd he a Gentleman?

L. Lam. A God! Altho his out-ſide were but mean; but he ſhone thro' like Lightning from a Cloud, and ſhot more piercing Rayes.

L. Des. Stai'd he long?

L. Lam. No; methought he grew diſpleas'd with our Devotion
And ſeem'd to contradict the Parſon with his Angry Eyes.
A Friend he had too with him, young and handſome,
Who ſeeing ſome diſorder in his Actions, got him away.
——I had almoſt forgot all Decency,
And ſtarted up to call him, but my Quality
And wanting ſomething to excuſe that Fondneſs,
Made me decline with very much adoe.

Gil. Heav'ns, Madam, I'll warrant they were Heroicks.

L. Lam. Heroicks!

Gil. Cavaliers, Madam, of the Royal Party.

L. D. They were ſo, I knew one of 'em.

La. Lam. Ah *Desbro*, do'ſt thou?
Ah Heav'ns, that they ſhould prove Heroicks!

L. D. You

L. D. You might have known that by the Conqueſt; I never heard, e're one o'th t'other Party ever gain'd a Heart: and indeed, Madam, 'tis a juſt Revenge, our Husbands make Slaves of them, and they kill all their Wives. [*Love. ſees 'em, and ſtarts.*

Lov. Hah, what have we here? — Women — faith, and handſome too — I never ſaw a Form more Excellent! whoe're they are, they ſeem of Quality. — by Heav'n, I cannot take my Eyes from her. [*pointing to La. Lamb.*

La. Lam. Hah, he's yonder, my Heart, begins to fail,
My trembling Limbs refuſing to ſupport me———
His Eyes ſeem fix'd on mine too; ah, I faint —— [*leans on Desbro.*

Gil. My Ladies Coach, *William*— quickly, ſhe faints.

Lov. Madam, can an unfortunate Strangers aid add any thing to the recovery of ſo much Beauty? (*bowing and holding her.*

La. Lam. Ah, wou'd he knew how much! (*aſide*

Gill. Support her, Sir, till her Ladiſhips Coach comes — I beſeech ye.

Lov. Not *Atlas* bore up Heaven with greater Pride.

La. Lam. — I beg your Pardon, Sir, for this Diſorder
That has occaſion'd you ſo great a Trouble———
You ſeem a Gentleman — and conſequently
May need ſome Service done you; name the way,
I ſhall be glad to let you ſee my Gratitude.

Lov. If there be ought in me, that merits this amazing Favour from you, I owe my thanks to Nature that endow'd me with ſomething in my Face that ſpoke my Heart.

La. Lam. Heav'n! how he looks and ſpeaks——— (*to* Desbro, *aſide.*

La. Des. Oh, theſe Heroicks, Madam, have the moſt charming Tongues.

La. Lam. Pray come to me —— and ask for any of my Officers, and you ſhall have admittance —

Lov. Who ſhall I ask for Madam? for I'm yet Ignorant to whom I owe for this great Bounty.

La. Lam. Not know me! Thou art indeed a Stranger. I thought I'd been ſo Elevated above the common Crowd, it had been viſible to all Eyes who I was.

Lov. Pardon my Ignorance;
My Soul conceives ye all that Heaven can make ye,
Of Great, of fair and Excellent;
But cannot gueſs a Name to call you by
But ſuch as wou'd diſpleaſe ye———
— My heart begins to fail, and by her Vanity
I fear ſhe's one of the new Race of Quality: (*aſide*
— But be ſhe Devil, I muſt love that Form.

La. Lam. Hard Fate of Greatneſs, We ſo highly Elevated
Are more expos'd to Cenſure than the little ones,
By being forc'd to ſpeak our Paſſions firſt.
———Is my Coach ready?

Pag. It waits your Honour.

L. Lam.

La. Lam. I give you leave to viſit me——ask for the General's Lady, if my Title be not by that Time alter'd.

Lov. Piſtols and Daggers to my Heart —— 'tis ſo.

La. Lam. Adieu Sir. (*Ex. all but* Lov. *who ſtands muſing.*

Enter Freeman.

Free. How now, what's the matter with thee?

Lov. Prethee wake me *Freeman.*

Free. Wake thee!

Lov. I dream! by Heav'n I dream!
Nay, yet the lovely Phantam's in my View,
Oh! wake me, or I ſleep to perfect Madneſs.

Free. What ayl'ſt thou, what did'ſt dream of?

Lov. A ſtrange fantaſtick Charmer,
A thing juſt like a Woman friend,
It walk't and look'd with wondrous Majeſty,
Had Eyes that kill'd, and Graces deck'd her Face;
But when ſhe talk'd, mad as the Winds ſhe grew.
Chimera in the form of Angel, Woman!

Free. Who the Devil meaneſt thou?

Lov. By Heav'n I know not; but, as ſhe vaniſh'd hence, ſhe bad me come to th' General's!

Free. Why this is ſhe I told thee ey'd thee ſo at the Conventicle; 'tis *Lambert*, the renown'd, the famous Lady *Lambert*—Mad call'ſt thou her? 'tis her ill acted Greatneſs, thou miſtak'ſt; thou art not us'd to the Pageantry of theſe Women yet; they all run thus mad: 'tis greatneſs in 'em, *Loveleſs.*

Lov. And is thine thus, thy Lady *Desbro*?

Free. She's of another Cut, ſhe marryed as moſt do, for Intereſt,—but what —— thou't to her?

Lov. If Lightening ſtop my way,
Perhaps a ſober view may make me hate her. (*Exit both.*

Enter Lambert *and* Whitlock. (*Scene a Chamber.*

Whit. My Lord, now is your time, you may be King; Fortune is yours, you've time it ſelf by th' fore-lock.

Lam. If I thought ſo, I'd hold him faſt by Heaven.

Whit. If you let ſlip this Opportunity, my Lord, you are undone —— *Aut Cæſar, aut Nullus.*

Lam. But *Fleetwood*——

Whit. Hang him ſoft head.

Lam. True, he's of an eaſie Nature, yet if thou didſt but know how little Wit governs this mighty Univerſe, thou wou'dſt not wonder men ſhould ſet up him.

Whit.

Whit. That will not recommend him at this *Juncto*, though he's an excellent Tool for your Lordſhip to make uſe of; and therefore, uſe him Sir, as *Cataline* did *Lentulus*; drill the dull Fool with hopes of Empire, on, and that all tends to his advancement only: The Block-head will believe the Crown his own: what other Hopes could make him ruine *Richard*, a Gentleman of Qualities a thouſand times beyond him?

Lam. They were both too ſoft; an ill Commendation for a General, who ſhould be rough as ſtorms of War it ſelf.

Whit. His time was ſhort, and yours is coming on; Old *Oliver* had his.

Lam. I hate the Memory of that Tyrant *Oliver*.

Whit. So do I, now he's dead, and ſerves my Ends no more. I lov'd the Father of the Great Heroick, whilſt he had Power to do me good: he failing, Reaſon directed me to the Party then prevailing, the Fag End of the Parliament: 'tis true, I took the Oath of Allegiance, as *Oliver*, your Lordſhip, *Tony*, and the reſt did, without which, we could not have ſat in that Parliament; but that Oath was not for our Advantage, and ſo better broke than kept.

Lam. I am of your Opinion my Lord.

Whit. Let Honeſty and Religion preach againſt it; but how cou'd I have ſerv'd the Commons by deſerting the King? how have I ſhow'd my ſelf loyal to your Intereſt, by fooling *Fleetwood*, in the deſerting of *Dick*; by diſſolving the honeſt Parliament, and bringing in the odious Rump? how cou'd I have flatter'd *Ireton*, by telling him, Providence brought things about, when 'twas mere knavery all, and that the hand of the Lord was in't, when I knew the Devil was in't? or indeed, how con'd I now adviſe you to be King, if I had ſtarted at Oaths? or prefer'd Honeſty or Divinity before Intereſt and the *Good Old Cauſe*.

Lam. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, he that will live in this World, muſt be indu'd with the three rare Qualities of Diſſimulation, Equivocation, and mental Reſervation.

Whit. In which Excellency, Heav'n be prais'd, we out-do the *Jeſuits*.

Enter La. Lam.

L. Lam. I'm glad to ſee you ſo well employ'd my Lord, as in Diſcourſe with my Lord *Whitlock*, he's of our Party, and has Wit.

Whit. Your Honour graces me too much.

Lam. My Lord, my Lady is an abſolute States-woman.

La. Lam. Yes, I think things had not arriv'd to this exalted height, nor had you been in Proſpect of a Crown, had not my Politicks exceeded your meaner Ambition.

Lam. I confeſs, I owe all my good fortune to thee.

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord, my Lord *Wariſton*, Lord *Hewſon*, Collonel *Cobbet*, and Collonel *Duckenfield* deſire the Honour of waiting on you.

La. Lam.

La. Lam. This has a Face of Greatneſs —— let 'em wait a while i'th' Antichamber.

Lam. My Love, I wou'd have 'em come in.

La. Lam. You wou'd have 'em, you wou'd have a Fools Head of your own; pray let me be Judge of what their duty is, and what your Glory; I ſay I'll have 'em wait.

Page. My Lord *Fleetwood* too is juſt alighted, ſhall he wait too, Madam?

La. Lam. He may approach; and d'ye hear——put on your fawning looks, flatter him, and profeſs much Friendſhip to him, you may betray him with the more facility.

Whit. Madam, you counſel well. [*Ex. Page, re-enter with* L. *Fleetwood.*

Enter Lord Fleetwood.

Lam. My good Lord, your moſt ſubmiſſive Servant.

Whit. My Gracious Lord, I am your Creature—your Slave——

Fleet. I profeſs ingenuouſly, I am much engag'd to you, my good Lords; I hope things are now in the Lard's handling, and will go on well for his Glory and my Intereſt, and that all my good People of *England* will do things that become good Chriſtians.

Whit. Doubt us not, my good Lord; the Government cannot be put into abler hands, than thoſe of your Lordſhip; it has hitherto been in the hard clutches of *Jews*, *Infidels*, and *Pagans*.

Fleet. Yea verily, Abomination has been in the hands of Iniquity.

Lam. But, my Lord, thoſe hands, by my good Conduct, are now cut off, and our Ambition is, your Lordſhip wou'd take the Government upon you.

Fleet. I profeſs, my Lord, by ye and nay, I am aſham'd of this Goodneſs, in making me the Inſtrument of ſaving Grace to this Nation; 'tis the great Work of the Lard.

La. Lam. The Lard, Sir, I'll aſſure you the Lard has the leaſt hand in your good Fortune; I think you ought to aſcribe it the Cunning and Conduct of my Lord here, who ſo timely abandon'd the Intereſt of *Richard*.

Fleet. Ingenuouſly I muſt own, your good Lord can do much, and has done much; but 'tis our Method to aſcribe all to the Powers above.

La. Lam. Then I muſt tell you, your Method's an ungrateful Method.

Lam. Peace, my Love.

Whit. Madam, This is the Cant we muſt delude the Rabble with.

La. Lam. Than let him uſe it there, my Lord, not amongſt us, who ſo well underſtand one another.

Lam. Good Dear, be pacifi'd——and tell me, ſhall the Gentlemen without have admittance?

La. Lam. They may. [*Page goes out.*

Enter Hewſon, Deshro, Duckenfield, Wariſton, *and* Cobbet.

War. Guds Benizon light on yu, my gued Loords, for this days Work; Madam, I kiſs your white Honds.

Duc. My Lord, I have not been behind hand in this days turn of State.

Lam. 'Tis confeſs'd, Sir; What wou'd you infer from that?

Duc. Why, I wou'd know how things go; who ſhall be General, who Protector, or who King next.

Hewſ. My Friend has well tranſlated his meaning.

La. Lam. Fy, How that filthy Cobler Lord betrays his Function.

Duc. We're in a Chaos, a Confuſion, as we are.

Hewſ. Indeed the Commonwealth at preſent is out at heels, and wants underlaying.

Cob. And the People expect ſomething ſuddenly from us.

Whit. My Lords and Gentlemen, we muſt conſider a while.

War. Bread a gued there's mickle Wiſdom i' that, Sirs.

Duc. It ought to be conſulted betimes, my Lord, 'tis a matter of moment, and ought to be conſulted by the whole Committee.

Lam. We deſign no other, my Lord, for which reaſon, at three a clock we'll meet at *Wallingford* Houſe.

Duc. Nay, my Lord, do but ſettle the Affair, let's but know who's our Head, and 'tis no matter.

Hew. Ay, my Lord, no matter who; I hope 'twill be *Fleetwood*, for I have the length of his Foot already.

Whit. You are the leading men, Gentlemen, your Voices will ſoon ſettle the Nation.

Duc. Well, my Lord, we'll not fail at three a Clock.

Deſ. This falls out well for me; for I have buſineſs in *Smithfield*, where my Horſes ſtand; and verily, now I think on't, the Rogue the Oſtler has not given 'em Oates to day: Well, my Lords, farewel; if I come not time enough to *Wallingford* Houſe, keep me a place in the Committee, and let my Voice ſtand for one, no matter who.

War. A gued Mon I's warrant, and takes muckle Pains for the Gued o'th' Nation, and the liberty o'th' Mobily: ——— The Diel confound 'em aud.

Lam. Come, my Lord *Wariſton*, you are a wiſe man, What Government are you for?

War. Ene tol what ya pleaſe my gued Loord. [*Takes him aſide.*

Lam. What think you of a ſingle Perſon here in my Lord *Fleetwood*?

War. Mary Sir, and he's a brave Mon, but gen I may cooncel, tak't for yar ſel my gued Loord, ant be gued for him, 'tis ene gued for ya te.

Lam. But above half the Nation are for him.

War. Bread a gued, and I's for him than.

Fleet. The Will of the Lard be done; and ſince 'tis his Will, I cannot withſtand my Fate—ingeniouſly.

Whit. My Lord *Wariſton*, a Word ——— what if *Lambert* were the Man? [*Takes him aſide.*

War. Right Sir, Wons and ya have ſpoken aud; He's a brave Mon, a Mon indeed gen I's 'ave any Judgment.

Whit. So I find this Property's for any uſe. [*aſide.*

Lam. My Lord, I perceive Heaven and Earth conſpire to make you our Prince.

Fleet.

Fleet. Ingeniouſly, my Lords, the weight of three Kingdoms is a heavy Burden for ſo weak Parts as mine; therefore, I will, before I appear at Councel, go ſeek the Lard in this great Affair; and, if I receive a Revelation for it, I ſhall with all Humility eſpouſe the Yoke, for the Good of his People and mine: and ſo Gad with us, the Commonwealth of *England*.

{ *Exit* Fleet. Desbro, Wariſton, Duc. Cob. Hewſ. *and* Whit.

La. Lam. Poor deluded Wretch, 'tis not yet come to that.

Lam. No my dear, the Voice will go clearly for me; what with Bribes to ſome, Hypocriſie and Pretence of Religion to others, and promis'd Preferments to the reſt, I have engag'd 'em all.

La. Lam. And will you be a King?

Lam. You think that's ſo fine a thing —— but let me tell you, my Love, a King's a Slave to a Protector, a King's ty'd up to a thouſand Rules of muſty Law, which we can break at Pleaſure; we can rule without Parliaments, at leaſt, chuſe whom we pleaſe, make 'em agree to our Propoſals, or ſet a Guard upon 'em, and ſtarve 'em till they do.

La. Lam. But their Votes are the ſtrangeſt things,——that they muſt paſs for Laws; you were never voted King.

Lam. No, nor care to be: the ſharpeſt Sword's my Vote, my Law, my Title. They voted *Dick* ſhould reign, where is he now? They voted the great Heroicks from the Succeſſion; but had they Arms or Men, as I have, you ſhou'd ſoon ſee what wou'd become of their Votes—No my Love! 'Tis this ——muſt make me King. [*His Sword.*

Let *Fleetwood* and the *Rump* go ſeek the Lard,
My Empire and my Truſt is in my Sword.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chamber of State.

Enter *La. Lambert*, *Gilliflower*, *and Women-ſervants.*

La. Lam. *Illiflower*, has none been here to ask for any of my People, in order to his approach to me?

Gil. None, Madam.

La. Lam. Madam! how dull thou art! wou't never learn to give to me a better Title, than ſuch an one as fooliſh Cuſtom beſtows on every common Wench?

Gil. Pardon my Ignorance, Madam.

La. Lam. Again Madam!

Gil. Really, Madam, I ſhou'd be glad to know by what other Title you wou'd be diſtinguiſh'd?

La. Lam. Abominable dull! Do'ſt thou not know on what ſcore my Dear is gone to *Wallingford* Houſe?

Gill. I cannot divine, Madam.

La. Lam. Heaven help thy Ignorance! he's gone to be made Protector, fool, or at leaſt, a King, thou Creature; And from this day I date my ſelf her Highneſs.

Gill. That will be very fine indeed, an't pleaſe your Highneſs.

La. Lam. I think 'twill ſute better with my Perſon and Beauty than with that other Woman--what d'ye call her? Mrs. *Cromwel*--my ſhape--and Gate—my Humour, and my Youth, have ſomething more of Grandeur—have they not?

Gill. Infinitely, an't pleaſure your Highneſs.

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam, a Man without has the boldneſs to ask for your Honour.

La. Lam. Honour, fool!

Gill. Her Highneſs, Blockhead.

Pag. Sawcily preſt in, and ſtruck the Porter for denying him entrance to your———Highneſs.

La. Lam. What kind of Fellow was't?

Pag. A rude, rough, hectoring Swaſh, an't pleaſe your Highneſs; nay, and two or three times, Gad forgive me, he ſwore too.

La. Lam. It muſt be he. [*aſide.*

Pag. His habit was ſomething bad and Cavalieriſh- — I believe 'tis ſome poor petitioning, begging Tory, who having been Sequeſter'd, wou'd preſs your Highneſs for ſome Favour.

La. Lam. Yes, it muſt be he———ah fooliſh Creature! and can he hope Relief, and a villanous Cavalier? out upon 'em, poor Wretches—you may admit him, tho' I long to hear how one of thoſe things talk.

Gill. Oh moſt ſtrangely, Madam,—an't pleaſe your Highneſs, I ſhou'd ſay.

Enter Loveleſs.

La. Lam. 'Tis he, I'll ſwear, *Gilliflower*, theſe Heroicks are punctual men,—how now, your bus'neſs with us, Fellow?

Lov. My bus'neſs, Madam?———

La. Lam. Haſt thou ever a Petition to us?

Lov. A Petition, Madam?—Sure this put-on-Greatneſs is to amuſe her Servants, or has ſhe forgot that ſhe invited me; or indeed forgot me?— [*aſide*

La. Lam. What art thou?

Pag. Shall we ſearch his Breeches, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, for Piſtol, or other Inſtruments?

La. Lam. No Boy, we fear him not, they ſay the Powers above protect the Perſons of Princes. [*Walks away.*

Lov. Sure ſhe's mad, yet ſhe walks looſe about,
And ſhe has Charms even in her Raving Fit,

La. Lam. Anſwer me. What art thou? How ſhall I get my Servants hence with honour? [*aſide.*

Lov.

Lov. A Gentleman ———
That cou'd have boaſted Birth and Fortune too,
Till theſe accurſed Times, which Heaven confound,
Racing out all Nobility, all Vertue,
Has render'd me the rubbiſh of the World;
Whilſt new rais'd Raſcals, Canters, Robbers, Rebells
Do Lord it o're the Free-born, Brave and Noble.

La. Lam. You're very confident, know you to whom you ſpeak? but I ſuppoſe you have loſt your Eſtate, or ſome ſuch trivial thing, which makes you angry.

Lov. Yes, a trivial Eſtate of ſome five and twenty hundred pound a Year, but I hope to ſee that Rogue of a Lord reduc'd to his Cobler's Stall again, or, more deſerv'dly hang'd, that has it.

La. Lam. I thought 'twas ſome ſuch Grievance——but you muſt keep a good Tongue in your head, leſt you be hang'd for *Scandalum Magnatum*—— there's Law for ye, Sir.

Lov. No matter; then I ſhall be free from a damn'd Commonwealth, as you are pleas'd to call it, when indeed 'tis but a mungrel, mangy, Mock-Monarchy.

La. Lam. Is it your buſineſs, Sir, to rail?

Lov. You rais'd the Devil, Madam.

Pag. Madam, ſhall I call your Highneſs Guards, and ſecure the Traytor?

La. Lam. No; that you may ſee how little I regard or fear him; leave us all ——— [*Ex. all but Gill.*
We'll truſt our Perſon in his hands alone ———
—— Now, Sir — Your Buſ'neſs? [*Smilingly approaches him.*

Lov. Madam, I waited here by your Commands.

La. Lam. How ſhall I tell him that I love him, *Gilliflower*?

Gill. Eaſily, Madam, tell him ſo in plain *Engliſh*. Madam, 'tis great; Women of your exalted height ever ſpeak firſt; you have no Equals dare pretend to ſpeak of love to you.

La. Lam. Thou art i'th' right ——— Do'ſt know my Quality, and thy own Poverty? And haſt thou nothing to ask that I may grant?

Lov. Sure ſhe loves me! and I, frail fleſh and blood,
Cannot reſiſt her Charms; but ſhe's of the damn'd Party. [*Aſide.*

La. Lam. Are all your Party, Sir, ſo proud?

Lov. But what have I to do with Religion! Is Beauty the worſe, or a kind Wench to be refus'd for Conventickling? She lives high on the Spoils of a glorious Kingdom, and why may not I live upon the Sins of the Spoiler? [*Aſide.*

La. Lam. Sir — you are poor!

Lov. So is my Prince; a Plague on the occaſion.

La. Lam. I think you are — no Fool too?

Lov. I wou'd I were, than I had been a Knave, had thriv'd, and poſſibly by this time had been tugging for rifled Crowns and Kingdoms.

La. Lam.

La. Lam. This Satyr ill befits my preſent bus'neſs with you — you — want ſome Neceſſaries — as Cloaths, and Linnen too: and 'tis great pitty ſo proper a man ſhou'd want Neceſſaries. *Gilliflower* — take my Cabinet Key, and fetch the Purſe of Broad-pieces that lies in the lower Drawer; 'tis a ſmall Preſent, Sir, but 'tis an Earneſt of my farther Service. [Gill. *goes out, and returns with a Purſe.*

Lov. I'm angry, that I find one Grain of Generoſity in this whole Race of Hypocrites. [*Aſide.*

La. Lam. Here, Sir, 'tis only for your preſent uſe; for Cloaths — three hundred Pieces; let me ſee you ſweet —

Lov. Stark mad, by this good day.

La. Lam. Ah *Gilliflower*! How prettily thoſe Cavalier things Charm; I wonder how the Powers above came to give them all the Wit, Softneſs, and Gallantry, — whilſt all the great ones of our Age have the moſt ſlovenly, ungrateful, dull Behaviour; no Air, no Wit, no Love, nor any thing to pleaſe a Lady with.

Gill. Truly Madam, there's a great Difference in the Men; yet Heaven at firſt did its part, but the Devil has ſince ſo over-done his, that what with the Vizor of Sanctity, which is the gadly Sneere, the drawing of the Face to a prodigious length, the formal language, with a certain Twang through the Noſe, and the pious Gogle, they are fitter to ſcare Children than beget love in Ladies.

Lov. You hit the Character of your new Saint.

La. Lam. And then their dreſs, *Gilliflower.*

Gill. Oh! 'Tis an Abomination to look like a Gentleman; long Hair is wicked and Cavalieriſh, a Periwig is flat Popery, the Diſguiſe of the Whore of *Babylon*; handſom Cloaths, or lac'd Linnen, the very Tempter himſelf, that Debauches all their Wives an Daughters: therefore the diminutive Band, with the Hair of the Reformation Cut, beneath which, a Pair of large ſanctify'd Souſes appear, to declare to the World, they had hitherto eſcap'd the Pillory, tho' deſerv'd it as well as *Pryn.*

La. Lam. Have a Care what you ſay, *Gilliflower.*

Gill. Why, Madam, we have no Informers here.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, here's Old *Noll*'s Wife deſires admittance to your Hon— your Highneſs.

La. Lam. Bid the poor Creature wait without, I'll do her what good I can for her Huband's ſake, who firſt infus'd Politicks into me, by which I may boaſt I have clim'd to Empire.

Lov. So, her madneſs runs in that Vein I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Gill. Alack Madam, I think ſhe's coming.

Crom. without.] Does ſhe keep ſtate in the Devil's Name, and muſt I wait!

La. Lam. Heav'ns! I ſhall be ſcandaliz'd by the godly, Dear *Gilliflower*, conceal my Cavilier; I wou'd not have a Cavalier ſeen with me for all the World. — Step into my Cabinet — [*Ex.* Gill. *and* Lov.

Enter

Enter La. Cromwel, *held back by a Man.—to them* Gilliflower.

Crom. Unhand me, Villain—'twas not long ſince a Rudeneſs, Sir, like this had forfeited thy Head.

La. Lam. What wou'd the Woman?

Crom. The Knave, the perjur'd Villain thy Husband, byth' Throat, thou proud, imperious Baggage, to make me wait? whoſe Train thou haſt been proud to bear—how durſt thou, after an Affront like this, truſt thy falſe Face within my Fingers reach? that Face, that firſt bewitch'd the beſt of Husbands from me, and tempted him to ſin.

Gill. I beſeech your Highneſs retire, the Woman's mad.

Crom. Highneſs in the Devil's name, ſure 'tis not come to that; no, I may live to ſee thy Cuckold hang'd firſt, his Politicks are yet too ſhallow, Miſtriſs. Heav'ns! Did my Husband make him Lord for this? raiſe him to Honour, Truſts, Commands, and Councels,
To ruin all our Royal Family,
Betray'd young *Richard*, who had reign'd in Peace
But for his Perjuries and Knaveries;
And now he ſooths my Son-in-Law, ſoft *Fleetwood*,
With empty hopes of Pow'r, and all the while
To make himſelf a King:
No, Minion, no; I yet may live to ſee
Thy Husband's Head o'th' top of *Weſtminſter*
Before I ſee it circled in a Crown.

La. Lam. I pity the poor Creature.

Crom. Ungrateful Traytor as he is,
Not to look back upon his Benefactors;
But he, in lieu of making juſt Returns,
Reviles our Family, prophanes our Name,
And will in time render it far more odious
Than ever *Needham* made the great Heroicks.

La. Lam. Alas, it weeps, poor Woman!

Crom. Thou ly'ſt, falſe Strumpet, I ſcorn to ſhed a Tear
For ought that thou canſt do or ſay to me;
I've too much of my Husband's Spirit in me.
Oh, my dear *Richard*, hadſt thou had a grain on't,
Thou and thy Mother ne'er had fall'n to this.

Gill. His Father ſure was ſeeking of the Lard when he was got.

Enter La. Fleetwood, *her Train borne.*

Crom. Where is this perjur'd Slave, thy Wittal Lord?
Dares he not ſhew his Face, his guilty Face,
Before the Perſon he has thus betray'd?

L. Fleet. Madam, I hope you miſtake my honour'd Lord *Lambert*, I believe he deſigns the Throne for my dear Lord.

Crom.

Crom. Fond Girl, becauſe he has the Art of fawning,
Diſſembling to the height, can ſooth and ſmile,
Profeſs, and ſometimes weep: ———
No, he will betray him, as he did thy Brother;
Richard the Fourth was thus deluded by him.
No, let him ſwear and promiſe what he will,
They are but ſteps to his own ambitious End;
And only makes the Fool, thy credulous Husband
A ſilly deluded Property.

Enter Fleetwood.

Fleet. My honour'd Mother, I am glad to find you here, I hope we ſhall reconcile things between ye. Verily we ſhou'd live in brotherly Love together; come, ingeniouſly, you ſhall be Friends, my Lady Mother.

Crom. Curſe on th' occaſion of thy being a Kin to me.

Fleet. Why, an pleaſe ye, forſooth, Madam?

Crom. My Daughter had a Husband,
Worthy the Title of my Son-in-Law:
Ireton! my beſt of Sons: he'd Wit and Courage,
And with his Councels, rais'd our Houſe to Honours,
Which thy impolitick Eaſineſs pulls down:
And whilſt you ſhou'd be gaining Crowns and Kingdoms
Art poorly couzening of the World with Fruitleſs Prayers.

Fleet. Nay, I'll warrant you, Madam, when there is any gadly miſchief to be done, I am as forward as the beſt, but 'tis good to take the Lard along with us in every thing. I profeſs ingeniouſly, as I am an honeſt man, verily ——— ne'er ſtir ——— I ſhall act as becomes a good Chriſtian.

Crom. A Good Coxcombe.
Doſt thou not ſee her reverend Highneſs there,
That Minion now aſſumes that glorious Title
I once, and my Son *Richard*'s Wife enjoy'd,
Whilſt I am call'd the Night Mare of the Commonwealth?
But wou'd I were, I'd ſo hag-ride the perjur'd Slaves
Who took ſo many Oaths of true Allegiance
To my great Husband firſt, and then to *Richard*——
Who, whilſt they reign'd, were moſt illuſtrious,
Moſt high and mighty Princes; whilſt fawning Poets
Write Panegyricks on 'em: And yet no ſooner was
The wonderous Hero dead, but all his glorious
Titles fell to Monſter of Mankind, Murderer
Of Piety, Traytor to Heaven and Goodneſs.

Fleet. Who calls him ſo? Pray take their Names down: I profeſs ingenuouſly, forſooth, Madam, verily I'll order 'em, as I am here I will.

Crom. Thou, alas they ſcorn ſo poor a thing as thou.

Fleet.

Fleet. Do they ingeniouſly? I'll be even with 'em, forſooth Mother, as am here I will, and there's an end on't.

Cor. I wou'd there were an end of our diſgrace and ſhame, which is but juſt begun, I fear.
What will become of that fair Monument
Thy careful Father did erect for thee, (*to La.* Fleetwood.
Yet whilſt he liv'd, next to thy Husband *Ireton*?
Leſt none ſhou'd do it for thee after he were dead?
The Malice of proud *Lambert* will deſtroy all.

Fleet. I profeſs, Madam, you miſtake my good Lord *Lambert*, he's an honeſt man, and fears the Lard; he tells me I am to be the man; verily he do's after all's done.

Cor. Yes, after all's done, thou art the man to be pointed at.

Fleet. Nay, ingeniouſly, I ſcorn the words, ſo I do: I know the great Work of Salvation to the Nation is to be wrought by me, verily.

Cro. Do, Cant on, till Heaven drop Kingdoms in thy mouth: dull, ſilly Sot, thou ruine of our Intereſt: thou fond, incorrigible, eaſie Fool.

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord, the Committee of Safety waits your coming.

Fleet. Why, law you now, forſooth,——I profeſs verily, you are ingeniouſly the hardeſt of belief——tell the honourable Lords I'm coming: Go, Lady-mother, go home with my Wife; and verily you'll ſee things go to your wiſh. —— I muſt to Coach. ——

La. Fleet. Madam, your humble Servant. (*to La.* Lam.

Fleet. Honour'd Lady, I kiſs your hands. (*Ex.* Crom. Fleet. *and La.* Fleet.

Enter Loveleſs.

Lov. Was this the thing that is to be Protector?
This little ſnivelling Fellow rule three Kingdoms?
But leave we Politicks, and fall to Love,
Who deals more Joys in one kind, happy moment
Than Ages of Dull Empire can produce.

La. Lam. Oh Gods! Shall I who never yielded yet,
But to him to whom three Kingdoms fell a Sacrifice,
Surrender at firſt Parly?

Lov. Perhaps that Lover made ye gayer Preſents,
But cou'd not render you a Heart all Love,
Or mind embyaſs'd in Affairs of Blood.
—I bring no Guilt to fright you from my Embraces,
But all our hours ſhall be ſerene and ſoft.

La. Lam. Ah, *Gilliflower*, thy aid or I'm loſt;
Shall it be ſaid of me in after Ages
When my Fame 'mongſt Queens ſhall be recorded,
That I, ah Heav'ns! regardleſs of my Countries Cauſe,

Eſpous'd the wicked party of its Enemies,
The Heatheniſh Heroicks! ah, defend me!

Lov. Nay —— by all that's ——

La. Lam. Ah hold! Do not prophane my Ears with Oaths or Execrations, I cannot bear the ſound.

Lov. Nay, nay,—by Heav'n I'll not depart your lodgings, till that ſoft Love that plays ſo in your Eyes give me a better proof—by ——

La. Lam. Oh hold, Idye, if you proceed in this abomination!

Lov. Why do you force me to't? d'ye think to put me off with ſuch a Face——ſuch lips,——ſuch ſmiles——ſuch Eyes——and every Charm—You've made me mad, and I ſhall ſwear my Soul away, if diſappointed now.

Gill. Ah, ſave the Gentleman's Soul, I beſeech ye, Madam.

La. Lam. I'm much inclin'd to Acts of Piety —— (*leaning on him, ſmiling. He goes to lead her out, Enter La-Desbro.*) And you have ſuch a Power, that howe're I incommode my Honour ——

—*Deſ.* here! how unſeaſonably ſhe comes?

La. Deſ. Cry mercy, I'll withdraw a while.

La. Lam. Ah, *Desbro*! thou art come—in the moſt lucky minute—— I was juſt on the point of falling——As thou ſay'ſt, theſe Heroicks have the ſtrangeſt Power ——

La. Deſ. I never knew a Woman cou'd reſiſt 'em.

La. Lam. No marvel then, our Husbands uſe 'em ſo, betray 'em, baniſh 'em, ſequeſter, murder 'em, and every way diſarm 'em. ——

La. Deſ. But their eyes, Madam.

La. Lam. Ay, their Eyes *Desbro*; I wonder our Lords ſhou'd take away their Swords, and let 'em wear their Eyes.

Lad. Des. I'll move it to the Committee of Safety, Madam, thoſe Weapons ſhould be taken from 'em too.

La. Lam. Still they'll have ſome to be reveng'd on us.

Lad. Des. Ay, ſo they will; My Lord ſays, a Cavalier is a kind of *Hidra*, knock him o'th' Head as often as you will, he has ſtill one to peep up withall.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, here's Mr. *Freeman* to ſpeak with your Honour.

Lov. That's a Friend of mine, Madam, and 'twou'd be unneceſſary he ſaw your Highneſs and I together: let us withdraw ——

La. Lam. Withdraw, why, What will *Desbro* ſay?

Deſ. O Madam, I know your Vertue and your Piety too well to ſuſpect your Honour wrongfully? 'tis impoſſible a Lady that goes to a Conventicle twice a day, beſides long Prayers and low'd Pſalm-ſinging, ſhou'd do any thing with an Heroick againſt her Honour. Your known Sanctity preſerves you from Scandal.—But here's *Freeman* —— (*Puts 'em in.*

Enter

Enter Freeman.

Free. So, Madam, —— you are very kind———

La. Deſ. My charming *Freeman*, this tedious day of Abſence has been an Age in love! How haſt thou liv'd without me?

Free. Like one condemn'd, ſad and diſconſolate,
And all the while you made your Husband happy.

La. Deſ. Name not the beaſtly Hypocrite, thou know'ſt
I make no other uſe of him,
But a dull Property to advance our Love.

Free. And 'tis but *Juſtice*, *Maria*, he ſequeſter'd me of my whole Eſtate, becauſe, he ſaid, I took up Arms in *Ireland*, on Noble *Ormond*'s Side; nay, hir'd Rogues, perjur'd Villains —— Witneſſes with a Pox, to ſwear it too; when at that Time, I was but eight years old: But I 'ſcapt as well as all the Gentry and Nobility of *England*. To add to this, he takes my Miſtreſs too.

La. Deſ. You miſtake, my lovely *Freeman*; I married only thy Eſtate, the beſt Compoſition I cou'd make for thee, and I will pay it back with Intereſt too.

Free. You wou'd ſuſpect my love then, and ſwear that all the Adoration I pay you, were, as we do to Heaven, for Int'reſt only.

La. Deſ. How you miſtake my love, but do ſo ſtill, ſo you will let me give theſe —— Proofs of it. (*Gives him Gold.*

Free. Thus like *Atlante*, you drop Gold in my Purſuit
To love, I may not over-take you:
What's this, to giving me one happy minute?
Take back your Gold, and give me current love,
The Treaſure of your Heart, not of your Purſe,——
When ſhall we meet *Maria*?

La. Deſ. You know my leiſure Hours are when my honourable Lord is buſied in Affairs of State, or at his Prayers; from which long winded Exerciſe I have of late withdrawn my ſelf: three Hours by the Clock he prays extemporary, which is, for National and Houſehold bleſſings: for the firſt—'tis to confound the Intereſt of the King, that the Lard wou'd deliver him, his Friends, Adherers and Allies, whereſoever ſcatter'd about the Face of the whole Earth, into the Clutches of the righteous: Preſs 'em good Lard, even as the Vintager doth the Grape in the Wine-Preſs, till the Waters, and gliding Chanels are made red with the Blood of the Wicked. (*In a Tone.*

Free. And grant the faithful to be mighty, and to be ſtrong in Perſecution; and more eſpecially, Ah! I beſeech thee confound that malignant Tory *Freeman* —— that he may never riſe up in Judgment againſt thy Servant, who has taken from him his Eſtate, his Suſtinance, and Bread; give him Grace of thy infinite Mercy, to hang himſelf, if thy People can find no zealous Witneſſes to ſwear him to the Gallows legally. Ah, we have done very much for thee Lard, thou ſhoud'ſt conſider us thy Flock, and we ſhou'd be as good to thee in another thing. (*In a Tone.*

La. Deſ. Thou bit'ſt the zealous Twang right; ſure thou haſt been acquainted with ſome of 'em.

Free. Damn 'em, no; what honeſt Man wou'd keep 'em Company, where harmleſs Wit and Mirth's a Sin, laughing ſcandalous, and a merry Glav, Abomination.

La. Des. Yes, if you drink Healths my wicked Brother; otherwiſe, to be ſilently drunk, to be as abuſive and ſatyrical as you pleaſe, upon the Heroicks, is allowable ——— for laughing, indeed 'tis not ſo well, but the preciſe Sneere and Grin is lawful; no ſwearing indeed, but lying and diſſimulation in abundance ——————I'll aſſure you, they drink as deep, and entertain themſelves as well with this ſilent way of lewd Debauchery, as you with all your Wit and Mirth, your Healths of the Royal Family.

Free. Nay, I confeſs, 'tis a great Pleaſure to cheat the World.

La. Deſ. 'Tis Power, as divine *Hobs* calls it.

Free. But what's all this to Love? Where ſhall we meet anon?

La. Deſ. I'll tell you, that will pleaſe you as well. —— Your Friend is within, with her Highneſs that ſhall be, if the Divel and her Husbands Politicks agree about the matter.

Free. Ha, has my cautious Railer manag'd matters ſo ſleyly?

La. Deſ. No, No, the matter was manag'd to his Hand: You ſee how Heav'n brings things about, for the Good of your Party; this Buſineſs will be worth him, at leaſt a thouſand pound a Year, or two, well manag'd.— But ſee, my Ladies Woman.

Gill. Oh *Madam*, my Lord! (*Running croſs the Stage into her La. Chamber.*

Free. Death, how ſhall I bring my Friend off? H'll certainly be ruin'd.

Enter Gill. Lov. *and Lady* Lam.

Gill. Madam, he's coming up.

Lov. Madam, for my ſelf I care not, but much concern'd for you.

(*La.* Lam. *takes two Papers out of her Pock and gives 'em to* Lov. *and* Free.

La. Lam. Here, take theſe two Petitions, each of you one,——— Poor fellows——you may be gone, your Petitions will not be granted.

Enter Lambert.

Lam. How now, my Dear, what Petitions?———Friends, what's your Bus'neſs?

La. Lam. 'Tis enough we know their Buſineſs Love, we are ſufficient to diſpatch ſuch Suters, I hope.

Lam. Pardon me, my Dear, I thought no harm; but I ſaw you frown, and that made me concern'd.

La. Lam. Frown! 'Twou'd make any Body frown, to hear the Impudence of Gentlemen, theſe *Cavaliers*;—wou'd you think it my Dear, if this Fellow

low has not the Impudence to petition for the Thirds of his Eſtate again, ſo juſtly taken from him for bearing Arms for the Man?———

La. Deſ. Nay, I am inform'd, that they, but two Nights ago, in a Tavern, Drunk a Health to the Man too.

Lam. How durſt you, Sirrah, approach my Lady with any ſuch ſawcy Addreſs, you have receiv'd our Anſwer.

Lov. Death, I have ſcarce Patience. (*aſide.*

Free. We knew, my Lord, the Influence your Ladies have over you, and Women are more tender and compaſſionate naturally, than Men; and Sir, 'tis hard for Gentlemen to ſtarve.

La. Lam. Have you not able Limbs, can ye not work———

Lov. Perſons of our Education work!

Lam. Starve or beg then.

La. Lam. Education, why, I'll warrant there was that young Creature they call the Duke of *Gloceſter*, was as well educated as any lad in the Pariſh, and yet you ſee he ſhould have been bound Prentice to a handy Crafts Trade, but that our Lords could not ſpare Money to bind him out, and ſo they ſent him to beg beyond Sea.

Lov. Death, I ſhall do Miſchief: not all the Joy ſhe gave me but now, can attone for this Blaſphemy againſt the Royal Youth.

Free. Patience——Well, my Lord, we find you are obdurate, and we'll withdraw.

Lam. Do ſo: And if you dare preſume to trouble us any more, I'll have you whip'd, d'e hear.

La. Deſ. Madam, I'll take my leave of your Ladiſhip. (*Ex.* Lov. Free. & *L.* Deſ.

La. Lam. My Lord, 'twas I that ought to threaten 'em——but you'r ſo forward ſtill what makes you from the Committee?

Lam. I left ſome Papers behind.

La. Lam. And they'll make uſe of your Abſence to ſet up *Fleetwood* King.

Lam. I'll warrant ye my Dear.

La. Lam. You'll warrant? your're a Fool and a Coxcomb; I ſee I muſt go my ſelf, there will be no bus'neſs done till I thunder 'em together: They want *Old Oliver* amongſt 'em, his arbitrary Nod cou'd make ye all tremble; when he wanted Power or Money, he need but Cock in Parliament, and lay his hand upon his Sword, and cry, I muſt have Money, and had it, or kick'd ye all out of doors: And you are mealy mouth'd you cannot Cock for a kingdom.

Lam. I'll warrant you Dear, I can do as good a thing for a Kingdom.

La. Lam. You can do nothing as you ſhou'd do't: You want Old *Oliver*'s Brains, Old *Oliver*'s Courage, and Old *Oliver*'s Counſel: Ah, what a politick Fellow was little Sir *Anthony*! What a Head-piece was there! What a plaguy fellow Old *Thurlo*, and the reſt: But get ye back, and return me Protector at leaſt, or never hope for Peace again.

Lam. My Soul trouble not thy ſelf, go in———

With mine, no Power can equal be,
And I will be a King to humour thee. (*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. Scene I.

A Council-Chamber, great Table, Chairs, and Papers.

Enter two Clerks, who lay Papers in Order, and Door-keeper.

Door. COme, haſte, haſte, the Lords are coming; —— keep back there, room for the Lords, room for the honourable Lords: Heav'n bleſs your Worſhips Honours.

Enter Lambert, Fleetwood, Whitlock, Wariſton, *diſcourſing earneſtly; to them* Duckenfield, Cobbet, Hewſon, Desbro, *and others;* Duck. *takes* Wariſton *by the Hand, and talks to him.*

War. Bread a gued Gentlemen, I's ſerv'd the Commonwealth long and faithfully; I's turn'd and turn'd to aud Intereſt and aud Religions that turn'd up Trump, and wons a me, but I's get naught but Bagery by my Sol; I's noo put in for a Panſion as well as reſt o ya Loones.

Cob. What we can ſerve you in, my Lord, you may command.

Duc. And I too, my Lord, when the Government is new moulded.

War. Wons Sirs, and I's ſa moold it, 'twas ne'er ſa moolded ſin the Dam boond the Head on't.

Duc. I know there are ſome ambitious Spirits that are for a ſingle Perſon; but we'll have hot work e're yield to that.

War. The faud Diel take 'em then for *Archibald*; 'tis warſe than Monarchy.

Duc. A thouſand times: have we with ſuch Induſtry been pulling down Kings of the Royal Family, to ſet up Tyrants of our own, of mean and obſcure Birth? No, if we're for a ſingle Perſon, I'm for a lawful one.

War. Wons and ya have ſpoken aud my Lord, ſo am I.

Duc. But *Lambert* has a buſie, haughty Spirit, and thinks to carry it; but we'll have no ſingle Perſon.

War. Nor I, ods Bread; the faud Diel breſt the Wem of *Lambert*, or any ſingle Perſon in *England*. I's for yare Intereſt my gued lords. [*bowing.*

Lam. My Lord *Wariſton*, will you pleaſe to aſſume the Chair?

Enter Loveleſs, Freeman, *and others with Petitions.*

War. Ah, my gued Loord, I's yare moſt obedient humble Servant. [*Bowing to* Lam. *all ſet.*

All. Hum, hum,

Fleet. My Lords and Gentlemen, we are here met together in the Name of the Lard ———

Duc.

Duc. Yea, and I hope we ſhall hang together as one man. —— A Pox upon your preaching. [*Aſide.*

Fleet. — And hope this days great work will be for his Praiſe and Glory.

Duc. 'Bating long Graces my Lord, we are met together for the Buſineſs of the Nation, to ſettle it, and to eſtabliſh a Government.

Fleet. Yea, verily: and I hope you will all unanimouſly agree, it ſhall be your unworthy Servant.

Lam. What elſe, my Lord?

Fleet. And as thou, Lard, haſt put the Sword into my hand ——

Duc. So put it into your Heart —— My Lord, to do Juſtice.

Fleet. Amen.

Duc. I'd rather ſee it there than in your Hand. [*Aſide.*

Fleet. For we are, as it were, a Body without a Head; or, to ſpeak more learnedly, an Animal, unanimate.

Huſ. My Lord, let us uſe, as little as we can, the language of the Beaſt; hard Words, none of your Eloquence, it ſavoureth of Monarchy.

Lam. My Lord, you muſt give men of Quality leave to ſpeak in a language more Gentile and Courtly than the ordinary ſort of mankind.

Hew. My Lord, I am ſorry to hear there are any of Quality amongſt this honourable Diſſembly. [*ſtands up.*

Cob. Aſſembly, my Lord ——

Hew. Well, you know my meaning; or if there be any ſuch, I'm ſorry they ſhould own themſelves of Quality.

Duc. How! own themſelves Gentlemen! Death Sir, d'ye think we were all born Coblers?

Hewſ. Or if you were not, the more the pitty, for little *England*, I ſay. [*in heat.*

Fleet. Verily, my Lords, Brethren ſhould not fall out, it is a Scandal to the Good Cauſe, and maketh the Wicked rejoice.

War. Wons, and theys garr the looſey Proverb on't te, *when loons gang together by th' luggs, gued men get their ene.*

All. He, he, he.

Duc. He calls you Knaves by craft, my Lords.

War. Bread a gued, tak t among ye Gentlemen, I's ment weel.

Fleet. I profeſs, my Lord *Wariſton*, you make my hair ſtand an end to hear how you ſwear.

War. Wons, my Loord, I's ſware as little as your Lordſhip, only I's ſware out, and ya ſwallow aud.

Duc. There's a Bone for you to pick, my Lord.

All. He, he, he.

Lam. We give my Lord *Wariſton* leave to jeſt.

Deſ. But what's this to the Government all this while? a dad I ſhall ſit ſo late, I ſhall have no time to viſit my Horſes, therefore proceed to the Point.

Hewſ. Ay, to the Point, my Lords; the Gentleman that ſpoke laſt ſpoke well.

Cob.

Cob. Well ſed Brother, I ſee you will in time ſpeak properly.

Duc. But to the Government, my Lords? (*beats the Table*

Lam. Put 'em off o' this Diſcourſe, my Lord. (*aſide to War*

Deſ. My Lord *Wariſton*, move it, you are Speaker.

War. The Diel a me, Sirs, and noo ya talk of a Speaker, I's tell ye a blithe Tale.

Fleet. Ingeniouſly my Lord, you are to blame to ſwear ſo.

Lam. Your Story, my Lord.

War. By my Sol mon, and there war a poor Woman the other day beg'd o'th' Carle the Speaker, but he'd give her nought unleſs ſhe'd let a feart; wons at laſt a feart ſhe lat, Ay marry, quoth the woman, noo my Rump has a Speaker te.

All. He, he, he.

Duc. But to our Bus'neſs———

Deſ. Bus'neſs; ay, there's the thing, I've a world on't. I ſhou'd go and beſpeak a pair of Mittens and Shears for my Hedger and Shearer, a pair of Cards for my Thraſher, a Sythe for my Mower, and a Skreen-fan for my Lady Wife, and many other things; my Head s full of Bus'neſs — I cannot ſtay.———

Whit. Fy my Lord, will you neglect the bus'neſs o'th' day? we meet to oblige the Nation, and gratifie our Friends.

Deſ. Nay, I'll do any thing, ſo I may riſe time enough to ſee my Horſes at Night.

Lov. Damn 'em, what ſtuff's here for a Council-Table?

Free. Where are our Engliſh Spirits, that can be govern'd by ſuch Dogs as theſe?———

Lam. Clark, Read the Heads of what paſt at our laſt ſitting.

War. In the firſt place, I muſt mind your Lordſhips tol conſider thoſe that have been gued Members in the Commonwealth.

Fleet. We ſhall not be backward to gratifie any that have ſerv'd the Commonwealth.

Whit. There's Money enough; we have taxt the Nation high.

Duc. Yes, if we knew where to find it: however read.

Clark reads.] To *Walter Walton* Draper, ſix thouſand nine hundred twenty nine pounds ſix ſhillings and five pence, for Blacks for his Highneſs Funeral.

Lam. For the Devil's, put it down for *Oliver Cromwel*'s Funeral: We'll have no Record riſe up in Judgment for ſuch a Villain.

Lov. How live Aſſes kick the dead Lion? (*aſide.*

Duc. Hark ye, my Lords, We ſit here to reward Services done to the Commonwealth; let us conſider whether this be a Service to the Commonwealth or not?

Lam. However, we'll give him Paper for't.

Hewſ. Ay, let him get his money when he can.

Lam. Paper's not ſo dear, and the Clark's pains will be rewarded.

War.

War. Right, my gued Loord, 'sbred, that *Cromwel* was th' faudeſt limmer Loon that ever cam intol our Country, the faud Diel has tane him by th' luggs for robbing our Houſes and Land.

Fleet. No ſwearing, my Lord.

War. Weel, weel, my Loord, I's larne to profeſs and lee as weel as beſt on ya.

Henſ. That may bring you profit, my Lord — but Clerk proceed.

Clerk reads.] To *Walter Froſt*, Treaſurer of the Contingencies, twenty thouſand pounds: to *Thurloe*, Secretary to his Highneſs ——

Duc. To old *Nol.* ——

Clerk reads.] Old *Nol*, ten thouſand pound, for unknown Service done the Commonwealth —— to Mr. *Hutchinſon* Treaſurer of the Navy, two hundred thouſand pounds ——

War. Two hundred thouſand pound; Owns what a Sum's there?—Marry it came from the mouth of a Cannon ſure.

Clerk reads] A Preſent to the Right Honourable and truly Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Lambert*, for Service done to the late Protector.

Henſ. Again —— ſay *Cromwel.*

Cler.—*Cromwel* —— ſix thouſand Pound in *Jacobus*'s.

War. 'Sbread, ſike a Sum wou'd make me honour the face of aud *Jemmy.*]

Clerk. To Mr. *Ice* ſix thouſand pound; to Mr. *Loether*, late Secretary to his High ——

Whit. To *Oliver Cromwel* ſay, can you not obey Orders?

Cler. —Secretary to *Oliver Cromwel* — two thouſand nine hundred ninety nine pounds for Intelligence and Information, and pioufly betraying the King's Liege People.

War. Haud, haud, Sirs, Mary en ya gift ſe laſt ya'll gif aud away fro poor *Archibald Johnſon.*

Whit. Speak for your ſelf, my Lord; or rather my Lord, do you ſpeak for him. [*to* Lam.

Lam. Do you move it for him, and I'll do as much for you anon. [*aſide to Whit.*

Whit. My Lord, ſince we are upon Gratifications, —— let us conſider the known Merit of the Lord *Wariſton*, a Perſon of induſtrious miſchiefs to the Malignant Party, and great Integrity to us, and the Commonwealth.

War. Gued faith an I's ha been a truſty Trojon, Sir, what ſay you may very gued and gracious Loords?

Duc. I ſcorn to let a Dog go unrewarded; and you, Sir, fawn ſo prittily, 'tis pitty you ſhou'd miſs Preferment.

Henſ. And ſo 'tis; come, come, my Lords, conſider he was ever our Friend, and 'tis but reaſonable we ſhou'd ſtich up one another's broken Fortunes.

Duc. Nay, Sir, I'm not againſt it.

All. 'Tis reaſon, 'tis reaſon.

Free. Damn 'em, how they laviſh out the Nation?

War. Scribe, pretha read my Paper.

Hewſ. Have you a pertition there!

Cob. A Petition, my Lord.

Hewſ. Pſhaw, You Scholards are ſo troubleſome.

Lam. Read the Subſtance of it. [*To the Clerk.*

Cler. That your Honours wou'd be pleas'd, in conſideration of his Services, to grant to your Petitioner a conſiderable Sum of Money for his preſent ſupply.

Fleet. Verily, order him two thouſand pound ——

War. Two thouſand poond? Bread a gued, and I's gif my Voice for *Fleetwood.* [*Aſide.*

Lam. Two thouſand; nay, my Lords, let it be three.

War. Wons, I lee'd, I lee'd; I s keep my Voice for *Lambert.*

——— gueds Benizon light on yar Sol, my gued Lord *Lambert.*

Hewſ. Three thouſand pound, why ſuch a Sum wou'd buy half *Scotland.*

War. Wons, my Lord, ya look but blindly on't then: time was, a mite on't had bought aud ſhoos in yar Stall, Brother, tho' noo ya ſo abound in Iriſh and Biſhops Lands.

Duc. You have nick'd him there, my Lord.

All. He, he, he.

War. Scribe—— gang a tiny bit farther.

Clerk. ——And that your Honours wou'd be pleas'd to confer an Annual Penſion on him.——

Lam. Reaſon, I think; What ſay you, my Lords, of five hundred pound a Year?

All. Agreed, agreed.

War. The Diel ſwallow me, my Lord, ya won my heart.

Duc. 'Tis very well — but out of what ſhall this be rais'd?

Lam. We'll look what Malignants Eſtates are forfeit, undiſpos'd of—— let me ſee ——— Who has young *Freeman*'s Eſtate?

Deſ. My Lord, that fell to me.

Lam. What all the fifteen hundred pound a Year?

Deſ. A dad, and all little enough.

Free. The Devil do him good with it.

Deſ. Had not the Lard put it into your hearts to have given me two thouſand *per annum* out of Biſhops Lands, and three thouſand *per annum* out of the Marqueſs's Eſtate; how ſhou'd I have liv'd and ſerv'd the Commonwealth as I have done?

Free. A plague confound his Honour, he makes a hard ſhift to live on Eight thouſand pound a Year, who was born and bred a Hedger.

Lov. Patience, Friend.

Lam. I have been thinking—— but I'll find out a way.

Lov. Or betray ſome honeſt Gentleman, on purpoſe to gratifie the Loone.

Lam. And Gentlemen, I am bound in Honour and Conſcience to ſpeak in behalf of my Lord *Whitlock*; I think fit, if you agree with me, he ſhou'd be

be made Conſtable of *Windſor* Caſtle, Warden of the Forreſt, with the Rents, Perquiſites, and Profits thereto belonging, nor can your Lordſhips confer a Place of greater Truſt and Honour in more ſafe hands.

Duc. I find he wou'd oblige all to his ſide. [*Aſide.*

Has he not part of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Eſtate already, with *Chelſey* Houſe, and ſeveral other Gifts?

Lam. He has dearly deſerv'd 'em, he has ſerv'd our Intereſt well and faithfully.

Duc. And he has been well paid for't.

Whit. And ſo were you, Sir, with ſeveral Lordſhips, and Biſhops Lands, you were not born to, I conceive.

Duc. I have not got it, Sir, by Knaviſh Querks in Law, a Sword that deals out Kingdoms to the brave, has cut out ſome ſmall parcels of Earth for me, And what of this? [*Stands up in a heat.*

Whit. I think, Sir, he that talks well, and to th' purpoſe, may be as uſeful to the Commonwealth as he that fights well; Why do we keep ſo many elſe in Penſion that ne'er drew Sword, but to talk, and rail at the Malignant Party; to libel and defame 'em handſomely, with pious uſefull Lies:

Which paſs for Goſpel with the common Rabble,
And Ediſie more than *Hugh Peters*'s Sermons?
And make Fools bring more Griſt to th' publick Mill:
Then, Sir-- to wreſt the Law to our convenience
Is no ſmall, inconſiderate Work?

Free. And which you may be hang'd for very ſhortly —— [*aſide.*

Lam. 'Tis granted, my Lord, your Merit's infinite,——
We made him Keeper of the Great Seal, 'tis true, 'tis Honour, but no Salary.

Duc. Ten thouſand pound a Year in Bribes will do as well.

Lam. Bribes are not ſo frequent now as in Old *Noll*'s days.

Hewſ. Well, my Lord, let us be brief and tedious, as the ſaying is, and humour one another; I'm for *Whitlock*'s advance.

Lam. I move for a Salary, Gentlemen, *Scobel* and other petty Clerks have had a thouſand a Year, my Lord ſure merits more.

Hewſ. Why,—let him have two thouſand then.

Fleet. I profeſs ingenuouſly, with all my heart.

Whit. I humbly thank your Lordſhips——— but, if I may be ſo bold to ask, from whence ſhall I receive it?

Lam. Out of the Cuſtoms.

Cob. Brotherly love ought to go along with us—but, under favour, when this is gone, where ſhall we raiſe new ſupplies?

Lam. We'll tax the Nation high, the City higher;
They are our Friends, our moſt obſequious Slaves,
Our Dogs, to fetch and carry, our very Aſſes——

Lov. And our Oxes, with the help of their Wives. [*Aſide.*

Lam. Beſides, the City's rich, and near her time, I hope, of being deliver'd.

War. Wons a gued, wad I'd the laying o' her, ſhe ſhou'd be ſweetly brought to Bed, by my Sol.

Deſ. The City cares for no *Scotch* Pipers, my Lord.

War. By my Sol, but ſhe has danc'd after the gued Pipe of Reformation, when the Covenant Jigg gang'd maryly round, Sirs.

Clerk. My Lords, here are ſome poor malignant Petitioners.

Lam. Oh, turn 'em out, here's nothing for 'em; theſe Fellows were petitioning my Lady to day——I thought ſhe had given you a ſatisfactory Anſwer?

Lov. She did indeed, my Lord; but 'tis a hard Caſe, to take away a Gentleman's Eſtate, without Convicting him of any Crime.

Lam. Oh, Sir! we ſhall prove that hereafter.

Lov. But to make ſure Work, you'll hang a man firſt, and examine his Offence afterwards; a Plague upon your Conſciences: My Friend here had a little fairer Play, your Villains, your Witneſſes in Penſion ſwore him a Colonel for our Glorious Maſter, of ever bleſſed Memory, at eight years old; a Plague upon their miracles.

Fleet. Ingenuouſly, Sirrah, you ſhall be pillory'd for defaming our reverend Witneſſes: Guards take 'em to your Cuſtody both.

Free. Damn it, I ſhall miſs my Aſſignation with Lady *Desbro*; a Pox of your unneceſſary prating, what ſhall I do? [*Guards take 'em away.*

Lam. And now, my Lords, we have finiſhed the buſineſs of the day. My good Lord *Fleetwood*, I am entirely yours, and at our next ſitting ſhall approve my ſelf your Creature.——

Whit. My good Lord, I am your ſubmiſſive Vaſſal.

War. Wons, my Lord, I ſcorn any man ſhou'd be mere yare Vaſſal than *Archibald Johnſon*. [*To* Fleetwood.

[*Ex. All.*

SCENE, *a Chamber.*

Enter La. Desbro, *and* Corporal *in haſte.*

La. Deſ. Seiz'd on, ſecur'd, was there no time but this? What made him at the Committee, or when there, why ſpoke he honeſt Truth? What ſhall I do, good Corporal Adviſe: take Gold, and ſee if you can corrupt his Guards, but they are better paid for doing miſchief; yet try, their Conſciences are large. [*Gives him Gold.*

Cor. I'll venture my Life in ſo good a Cauſe, Madam. [*Ex.*

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam, here's Mr *Ananias Gogle*, the Lay-Elder of *Clements* Pariſh.

La. Deſ. Damn the ſham Saint; am I now in Condition to be plagu'd with his

his Impertinent Nonſenſe?

Pag. Oh! Pray Madam, hear him preach a little; 'tis the pureſt ſport.—

Enter Ananias.

Ana. Peace be in this place.

La. Def. A bleſſed hearing; he preaches nothing in his Conventicles, but Blood and Slaughter. [*Aſide.*

What wou'd you, Sir, I'm ſomething buſie now.

Ana Ah, the Children of the Elect have no Buſineſs, but the great work of Reformation? Yea verily, I ſay, all other buſineſs is prophane, and diabolical, and diveliſh; Yea, I ſay, theſe Dreſſings, Curles, and ſhining Habilliments, —which take ſo up your time, your precious time; I ſay, they are an Abomination, yea, an Abomination in the ſight of the Righteous, and ſerve but as *Ignis fatuus*, to lead vain man aſtray.——— I ſay again ——— [*Looking now and then behind on the Page.*

La. Def. ——You are a very Coxcomb.

Ana. I ſay again, that even I, upright I, one of the new Saints, find a ſort of a—a—a—I know not what, —a kind of a Motion as it were ——— a ſtirring up — as a man may ſay, to Wickedneſs;——Yea, verily it corrupteth the outward man within me.

La. Def. Is this your Buſineſs, Sir, to rail againſt your Cloaths, as if you intended to preach me into my Primitive Nakedneſs again?

Ana. Ah, the Naked Truth is beſt; but, Madam, I have a little work of Grace to communicate unto you, pleaſe you to ſend your Page away ———

La. Def. Withdraw———ſure I can make my Party good with one wicked Elder: Now, Sir ———Your Bus'neſs. [*Ex. Page.*

———Be brief.

Ana. As brief as you pleaſe —but —who in the ſight of ſo much Beau--ty—can think of any Bus'neſs but the Bus'neſs! —Ah! hide thoſe tempting Breaſts, —Alack, how ſmooth and warm they are —— [*Feeling 'em, and ſneering.*

La. Def. How now, have you forgot your Function?

Ana. Nay, but I am mortal Man alſo, and may fall ſeven times a day; — Yea verily, I may fall ſeven times a day:— Your Ladiſhips Husband is old,—and where there is a good Excuſe for falling,— Ah, there the fall-ing— is excuſable. ——— And might I but fall with your Ladiſhip,—— might I, I ſay.———

La. Def. How, this from you, the Head o'th' Church militant; the very Pope of Presbytery?

Ana. Verily, the Sin lieth in the Scandal; therefore, moſt of the diſcreet pious Ladies of the Age, chuſe us, upright men, who make a Conſcience of a ſecret, the Laiety being more regardleſs of their Fame.—In ſober ſadneſs, the Place——inviteth, the Creature tempting, and the Spirit very violent within me. [*Takes and ruffles her.*

La. Def.

La. Deſ. Who waits there? — I'm glad you have prov'd your ſelf what I ever thought of all your pack of Knaves.

Ana. Ah, Madam! Do not ruin my Reputation; there are Ladies of high Degree in the Commonwealth, to whom we find our ſelves moſt comforting; why might not you be one? ——— for, alas, we are accounted as able men in Ladies Chambers, as in our Pulpits; we ſerve both Functions ——

Enter Servants.

Hah! her Servants——— [*Stands at a diſtance.*

La. Deſ. Shou'd I tell this, I ſhou'd not find belief. [*Aſide.*

Ana. Madam, I have another Errand to your Ladiſhip.———It is the Duty of my Occupation to Catechize the Heads of every Family within my Dioceſe; and you muſt anſwer ſome few Queſtions I ſhall ask——— In the firſt place, Madam——— Who made ye?

La. Deſ. So, from Whoring to a zealous Catechiſm——who made me? what Inſolence is this, to ask me Queſtions which every Child that liſps out words can anſwer.

Ana. 'Tis our Method, Madam.

La. Deſ. Your Impudence, Sirrah——let me examine your Faith, who are ſo ſawcy to take an account of mine——Who made you? But leſt you ſhou'd not know, I will inform you: Firſt, Heav'n made you a deform'd, Ill-favour'd Creature, then the Raſcal your Father made you a Taylor, next, your Wife made you a Cuckold, and laſtly, the Devil has made you a Doctor: and ſo get you gone for a Fool and a Knave all over.

Ana. A man of my Coat affronted thus!

La. Deſ. It ſhall be worſe, Sirrah, my Husband ſhall know how kind you wou'd have been to him, becauſe your Diſciple and Benefactor, to have begot him a Babe of Grace for a Son and Heir.

Ana. Miſtake not my pious meaning, moſt Gracious Lady.

La. Deſ. I'll ſet you out in your Colours: Your Impudent and Bloody Principles, your Cheats, your Rogueries on honeſt men, through their kind, deluded Wives, whom you cant and goggle into a Belief, 'tis a great work of Grace to ſteal, and beggar their whole Families, to contribute to your Gormandizing, Luſt, and Lazineſs; Ye Locuſts of the Land, preach Nonſence, Blaſphemy, and Treaſon, till you ſweat again, that the Sanctifi'd Siſters may rub you down, to comfort and conſole the Creature.

Ana. Ah! Am———

La. Deſ. Sirrah, be gone, and trouble me no more——be gone—yet ſtay—the Rogue may be of Uſe to me———amongſt the heap of Vice, Hypocriſie, and Devils that poſſeſs all your Party, you may have ſome neceſſary ſin; I've known ſome honeſt, uſeful Villains amongſt you, that will ſwear, profeſs, and lie devoutly for the Good Old Cauſe.

Ana.

Ana. Yea verily, I hope there are many ſuch, and I ſhou'd rejoyce, yea, exceedingly rejoyce in any Gadly Performance to your Ladiſhip.

La. Deſ. This is a pious Work: You are a Knave of Credit, a very Saint with the raſcally Rabble, with whom your Seditious Cant more prevails, your precious hum and ha, and gifted Nonſenſe, than all the Rhetorick of the learn'd or honeſt.

Ana Hah!

La. Deſ. —In fine, I have uſe of your Talent at preſent, there's one now in Confinement of the Royal Party———his name's *Freeman.*

Ana. And your Ladiſhip wou'd have him diſpatch'd; I conceive ye——but wou'd you have him diſpatch'd privately, or by Form of Law? we've Tools for all uſes, and 'tis a pious Work and meritorious.

La. Deſ. Right: I wou'd indeed have him diſpatch'd, and privately; but 'tis hither privately, hither to my Chamber, privately, for I have private Bus'neſs with him: D'ye ſtart?———this muſt be done ———for you can pimp I'm ſure upon occaſion, you've Tools for all uſes; come, reſolve, or I'll diſcover your bloody offer; Is your Stomach ſo queaſie it cannot digeſt Pimping, that can ſwallow Whoring, falſe Oaths, Sequeſtration, Robbery, Rapes, and Murders daily?

Ana. Verily, you miſtake my pious meaning; it is the Malignant I ſtick at; the Perſon, not the Office: and in ſadneſs, Madam, it goeth againſt my tender Conſcience to do any good to one of the Wicked.

La. Deſ. It muſt ſtretch at this time; go haſte to the Guard, and demand him in my Husband's Name; here's ſomething worth your Pains——having releas'd him, bring him to me, you underſtand me———go bid him be diligent, and as you behave your ſelf, find my Favour; for know, Sir, I am as great an Hypocrite as you, and know the Cheats of your Religion too; and ſince we know one another, 'tis like we ſhall be true.

Ana. But ſhou'd the man be miſſing, and I call'd to an account?———

La. Deſ. He ſhall be return'd in an hour; go, get you gone, and bring him, or——— no more ———

[*Ex. Ana.*

For all degrees of Vices, you muſt grant
There is no Rogue like your *Geneva* Saint.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Chamber, Candles and Lights.

Enter *La. Desbro, and Freeman.*

La. Deſ. BY what ſtrange Miracle, my deareſt *Freeman*, wert thou ſet at Liberty?

Free. On the zealous Parole of *Rabbie Ananias*; that Rhetorick that can convert whole Congregations of well-meaning Block-heads, to errant Knaves, has now mollifi'd my Keeper; I'm to be render'd back within this Hour: let's not, my dear *Maria*, loſe the precious minutes this Reverend Hypocrite has given us.

La. Deſ. Oh! You are very gay, have you forgot whoſe Priſoner you are, and that perhaps, e'er many days are ended, they may hang you for High Treaſon againſt the Common-wealth? they never want good throw-ſtitch'd Witneſs, to do a Murder lawfully.

Free. No matter; then I ſhall die with Joy, *Maria*, when I conſider, that you lov'd ſo well to give me the laſt Proof on't.

La. Deſ. Are you in Earneſt, *Freeman*, and wou'd you take what Honour will not ſuffer me to grant?

Free. With all my Heart, Honour's a poor Excuſe: Your Heart and Vows (your better part) are mine; you've only lent your Body out to one whom you call Husband, and whom Heav'n has mark'd for Cuckoldom. Nay, 'tis an Act of honeſt Loyalty, ſo to revenge our Cauſe; whilſt you were only mine, my honeſt Love thought it a Sin to preſs theſe Favours from you; 'twas injuring my ſelf as well as thee; But now we only give and take our Right.

La. Deſ. No more, my Husband's old.———

Free. Right my dear *Maria*;——— and therefore,———

La. Deſ. —May poſſibly die.———

Free. He will be hang'd firſt.

La. Deſ. —I hope ſo———either of which, will do our Buſineſs:——— Unreaſonable *Freeman*, not to have Patience till my Husband be hang'd a little.

Free. But what if Deſtiny put the Change upon us, and I be hang'd inſtead of *Desbro*?

La. Deſ. Why then thou art not the firſt Gallant Fellow that has died in the Good and Royal Cauſe; and a ſmall taſte of happineſs will but turn thee off the Ladder with the ſadder Heart.

Free. Haſt thou the Conſcience, lovely as thou art,
To deal out all thy Beauty to a Traytor?

Is

Is not this Treaſon of the higheſt Nature,
To rob the Royal Party of ſuch Treaſure
And give it to our mortal Enemies?
For Shame, be wiſe and juſt,
And do not live a Rebel to our Cauſe;
'Tis Sin enough, to have Society with ſuch a wicked Race.

La. Deſ. But I am married to him.

Free. So much the worſe, to make a League and Covenant with ſuch Villains, and keep the ſinful Contract; a little harmleſs Lying and Diſſimulation I'll allow thee, but to be right down honeſt, 'tis the Devil.

La. Deſ. This will not do; it never ſhall be ſaid I've been ſo much debauch'd by Conventickling to turn a Sainted Sinner: No, I'm true to my Allegiance ſtill, true to my King and Honour. Suſpect my Loyalty when I loſe my Virtue; a little Time, I'm ſure, will give me honeſtly into thy Arms; if thou haſt Bravery, ſhow it in thy Love.

Free. You will o'ercome, and ſhame me every way; —— but when will this Change come? And till it do, what Pawn will you give me? I ſhall be happy then.

La. Deſ. My Honour, and that Happineſs you long for; and take but two Months time for their Redemption.

Free. How greedily I'll ſeize the Forfeiture!

La. Deſ. But what am I like to get if this Change do come?

Free. A Slave, and whatever you pleaſe to make of him.

La. Deſ. Who knows, in ſuch a univerſal Change, how you may alter too?

Free. I'll give ye Bond and Vows, unkind *Maria*; —Here, take my hand — Be it known unto all Men, by theſe Preſents, that I *John Freeman* of *London*, Gent. acknowledge my ſelf in debt to *Maria Deſbro*, the Sum of one Heart, with an incurable Wound; one Soul, deſtin'd hers from its firſt Being; and one Body, whole, ſound, and in perfect Health; which I here promiſe to pay to the ſaid *Maria*, upon Demand, if the aforeſaid *John Freeman* be not hang'd before ſuch Demand made. Whereto I ſet my Hand, —— and ſeal it with my Lips. (*in a tone.*

La. Deſ. And I, in Conſideration of ſuch Debt, do freely give unto the aboveſaid *John Freeman* the Heart and Body of the aboveſaid *Maria Deſbro*, with all Appurtenances thereto belonging, whenever it ſhall pleaſe Heaven to bring my Husband fairly to the Gallows. (*in a tone.*

Free. Amen. ——— kiſs the Book ——— (*Kiſſes her.*

(Ana. *hums without.*

La. Deſ. Hah! that's *Ananias* ſure; ſome Danger's near, the neceſſary Raſcal gives us notice of.

Free. 'Tis ſo, what wouldſt thou have me do?

La. Deſ. Thou art undone if ſeen. ——— here, ſtep within this Curtain. (*He goes.*

Enter Ananias, *humming, and ſpreading his Cloak wide*; Desbro *behind him, puffing in a Chafe.*

Def. Ads nigs, what a Change is here like to be, ——— puff, puff —— we have manag'd matters ſweetly —— to let the *Scotch* General undermine us; puff, puff.

La. Def. What's the matter?

Def. Nothing Cockey, nothing, but that we are like to return to our firſt nothing.

Ana. Yea verily, when our time's come; but ah, the great work of Reformation is not yet fully accompliſh'd, which muſt be wrought by the Saints, and we cannot ſpare one of them until the work be finiſh'd.

Def. Yea, yea, it is finiſhed I doubt, puff, puff; fie, fie, what a Change is here!

Ana. Patience, ah, 'tis a precious Virtue! ———

Def. Patience Sir! what, when I ſhall loſe ſo many fine Eſtates which did appertain to the Wicked; and which, I truſted, had been eſtabliſh'd ours; and tell'ſt thou me of Patience? puff, puff. [*walking faſt.*

Ana. How loſe 'em Sir? Handle the matter with Patience; I hope the Committe of Safety, or the Rump, will not do an illegal thing to one of the Brethren.

Def. No, no, I have been a truſty Knave to them, and ſo I have found them all to me: but *Monk! Monk!* O that ever we ſhould be ſuch blind Fools to truſt an honeſt General!

Ana. Patience Sir; what of him?

Def. I juſt now receiv'd private Intelligence, he's coming out of *Scotland* with his Forces —— puff, puff.

Ana. Why, let him come a Gad's Name, we have thoſe will give him a civil Salute, if he mean not honourably to the Commonwealth. Patience Sir.

Def. But if he prove the ſtronger, and ſhould chance to be ſo great a Traytor to us to bring in the Man —— the King.

La. Def. How, the King Husband! the great Heroick!

Free. Death, this Woman is a Sybil: Ah, Noble *Monk!*

Ana. Hum ——— the King! ———

Def. Ah, and with the King, the Biſhops; and then, where's all our Church and Biſhops Lands! Oh, undone —— puff, puff.

Ana. How, bring in the King and Biſhops! my righteous Spirit is raiſed too: —— I ſay, I will excommunicate him for one of the Wicked; yea, for a prophane Heroick, a Malignant, a Tory, —— a — I ſay, we will ſurround him, and confound him with a mighty Hoſt; yea, and fight the Lard's Battel with him; yea, we will. ——

Def. Truckle to his Pow'r —— puff, puff.

Ana. Nay, I ſay verily, nay; for, in Sadneſs, I will die in my Calling.

Def.

Def. So I doubt ſhall I —— which is Plowing, Hedging, and Ditching.

Ana. Yea, we have the Sword of the Righteous in our hand, and we will defend the mighty Revenues of the Church, which the Lard hath given unto his People, and choſen ones — I ſay, we will defend ——

Def. Ah, Patience, Sir, ah, 'tis a pious Virtue ——

Ana. Ah, it is Zeal in one of us, the out-goings of the Spirit.

Enter Page.

Tom. Sir, will you go down to Prayers? the Chaplain waits.

Def. No, no, Boy, I am too ſerious for that Exerciſe, I cannot now diſſemble, Heav'n forgive me.

Ana. How, Sir, not diſſemble — ah, then you have loſt a great Virtue indeed, a very great Virtue; ah, let us not give away the Good Old Cauſe — but, as we have hitherto maintain'd it by gadly cozenage, and pious frauds, let us perſevere — ah, let us perſevere to the end; let us not loſe our Heritage for a Meſs of Pottage, that is, let us not loſe the Cauſe for Diſſimulation and Hypocriſie, thoſe two main Engines that have carried on the great Work.

Def. Verily, you have prevail'd, and I will go take counſel of my pillow: Boy —— call my man to undreſs me —— I'll to bed, for I am ſick at heart. *Ex. Tom. Page*

Free. Death, what ſhall I do now? (Def. *walks, ſhe whiſpers* Ana.

La. Def. You muſt get my man off, or we're undone.

Ana. Madam, be comforted, Heaven will bring all things about for our advantage. —— (*as* Def. *turns.*

La. Def. But he's behind the Curtains man —— (Def. *turns from 'em.*

Ana. Ah, let Providence alone —— {*Spreads his Cloak wide,*
—— Your pious Lady, Sir, is doubtful, but I will {*and goes by degrees towards the Bed.*
give her ample ſatisfaction.

Def. Ah, do, Mr. *Ananias*, do, for ſhe's a good and a vertuous Lady, *certo* ſhe is. {*goes cloſe to the Bed-poſt, and*

Ana. Get ye behind my Cloak —— {*ſpeaks over his Shoulder.*

La. Def. Indeed Sir, your Counſel and Aſſiſtance is very comfortable.

Ana. We ſhou'd be helps meet to one-another, Madam.

Def. Alack, good man! (*La.* Def. *goes to coax her Huſband.*

La. Def. Ay, my Dear, I am ſo much oblig'd to him, that I know not without thy aid, how to make him amends.

Free. So, this is the firſt Cloak of Zeal I ever made uſe of. } Ana. *going, ſpreading his Cloak to the door,* Freeman *behind goes out.*

Def. Good Lady give him this twenty pieces, a dad he worthily deſerves 'em. (*gives her Gold.*

La. Def. Indeed, and ſo he does, Dear, if thou knew'ſt all.
—— What ſay you now, do I not improve in Hypocriſie? and ſhall I not in time make a precious Member of your Church? (*to* Ana.

Ana. Verily, your Ladiſhip is moſt ingenious and expert, — Sir, I moſt humbly take my leave. *Ex. Ananias.*

Enter Tom Page.

Page. My Lord, my Lord *Lambert* has ſent in all haſte for you, you muſt attend at his houſe immediately.

Deſ. So, he has heard the News —— I muſt away —— let my Coach be ready —— *Ex.* Deſ.

La. Deſ. How unlucky was this that *Freeman* ſhould be gone —— Sirrah, run, and ſee to o'ertake him, and bring him back. (*Ex. all.*

SCENE 2. *A fine Chamber.*

Enter Gilliflower *and* Loveleſs, *by dark, richly dreſt.*

Lov. Where am I, *Gilliflower?*

Gill. In my Ladies Apartment, Sir, ſhe'll be with you preſently; you need not fear betraying, Sir, for I'll aſſure you I'm an heroick in my heart: my husband was a Captain for his Majeſty of ever-bleſſed memory, and kill'd at *Naſeby*, God be thanked, Sir.

Lov. What pity 'tis that thou ſhouldſt ſerve this Party?

Gill. 'Bating her Principles, my Lady has good Nature enough to oblige a Servant; and truly Sir, my Vails were good in old *Oliver*'s days; I got well by that Amour, between him and my Lady; the man was laviſh enough.

Lov. Yes, of the Nations Treaſure —— but, prithee tell me, is not thy Lady mad, raving on Crowns and Kingdoms?

Gill. It appears ſo to you, who are not us'd to the Vanity of the Party, but they are all ſo mad in their degree, and in the Fit they talk of nothing elſe Sir; we have to morrow a hearing, as they call it.

Lov. What's that, a Conventicle?

Gill. No, no, Sir, Ladies of the laſt Edition, that preſent their Grievances to the Council of Ladies, of which my Lady's Chief, which Grievances are laid open to the Committee of Safety, and ſo redreſs'd or ſlighted, as they are.

Lov. That muſt be worth ones Curioſity, could one but ſee't.

Gill. We admit no man, Sir.

Lov. 'Sdeath, for ſo good a ſight I will turn Woman. I'll act it to a hair.

Gill. That would be excellent.

Lov. Nay, I muſt do't: the Novelty is rare —— but I'm impatient —— prithee let thy Lady know I wait.

Gill. She's in Affairs of State, but will be here immediately; mean time, retire into her Cabinet, I'll ſend the Page with lights, there you may repoſe till my Lady comes, on the Pallat. (*ſhe leads him out.*

SCENE

SCENE *A great Chamber of State,—and Canopy.*

And at a Table, ſeated Lambert, Fleetwood, Desbro, Hewſon, Duckingfield, Wariſton, Cobbet; *all half drunk, with Bottles and Glaſſes on the Table*; La. Lam. *and* La. Fleet.

Lam. My Lord *Wariſton*, you are not merry to night.

War. Wons Mon, this Monk ſticks in my Gullet, the muckle Diel pull him out by th'lugs; the faud Loone will en ſpoyle aud our ſport mon.

Lam. I thought I had enough ſatisfied all your Fears; the Army's mine, that is——'tis yours, my Lords, and I'll imploy it too ſo well for the Good of the Commonwealth, you ſhall have cauſe to commend both my Courage and Conduct: my Lord *Wariſton*, will you accompany me?

War. Ah, my gued Lord, the Honour is too great! 'Tis not but I's dare fight my Lord, but I love not the limmer Loone, he has a villainous honeſt Face an's ene; I's kend him ence, and lik't him not; but I's drink tol yar gued Fortune; let it gang aboote, ene and ad Sirs. (*all drink.*

Lam. We'll leave all diſcourſe of bus'neſs, and give our ſelves to Mirth; I fancy good Succeſs from this days *Omen.*

Enter Gill. *whiſpers* La. Lam. *ſhe riſes.*

La. Lam. Waited ſo long!

Gill. And grew impatient, and pleaſe your Highneſs; muſt I go tell him you cannot ſee him to Night.

La. Lam. Not for the World; my ſilly Politician will be
Buſying himſelf in the dull Affairs of State;
—Dull in Compariſon of Love, I mean;
I never lov'd before; *Old Oliver* I ſuffer'd for my Intereſt,
And 'tis ſome Greatneſs, to be Miſtreſs to the beſt;
But this mighty Pleaſure comes *A propo*
To ſweeten all the heavy Toyls of Empire.

Gill. So it does, an't pleaſe your Highneſs.

La. Lam. Go, let him know I'm coming —— Madam, I muſt beg your Pardon, you hear, my Lord to morrow goes on his great Expedition; and, for any thing we know, may fall a glorious Sacrifice to the Commonwealth; therefore, 'tis meet I offer up ſome Prayers for his Safety, and all my Leiſure Hours 'twixt this and that, will be too few.——Your humble Servant Madam. (*Ex. La.* Lam.

La. Fleet. My dear, I'll leave you too, my Time of Devotion is come, and Heav'n will ſtay for no-body; where are my People, is my Coach ready, or my Chair.

Fleet. Go in your Chair my Love, leſt you catch cold.

La. Fleet.

La. Fleet. And light your Flambeaus,——— I love to have my Chair ſurrounded with Flambeaus.

Enter Page.

Pag. Your Chair is ready, *Madam.* (*She goes out, led by* Fleet.

Hewſ. What think ye now my Lords of ſettling the Nation a little, I find my Head ſwim with Politicks, and what ye call ums.

War. Wons, and wad ya ſettle the Nation when we real our ſelves?

Hewſ. Who, pox ſhall we ſtand making Childrens Shoes all the year? No, No, let's begin to ſettle the Nation, I ſay, and go throw ſtich with our Work.

Duc. Right, we have no Head to obey; ſo that if this *Scotch* General do come whilſt we Dogs fight for the Bone, he runs away with it.

Hewſ. Shaw, we ſhall patch up matters with the *Scotch* General, I'll warrant you: However, here's to our next Head.—One and All.— (*all drink.*

Flee. Verily, Sirs, this Health drinking ſavoureth of Monarchy, and is a Type of Malignancy.

War. Bread, my Lord, no preaching o're yar Liquer, wee's now for a Cup o'th' Creature.

Cob. In a gadly way you may, it is lawful.

Lam. Come, Come, we're dull, give us ſome Muſick—Come my Lord, I'll give you a Song, I love Muſick as I do a Drum, there's Life and Soul in't, call my Muſick.

Fleet. Yea, I am for any Muſick, except an Organ.

War. 'Sbread, Sirs, and I's for a Horn-pipe; I've a faud Theefe here ſhall dance ye dance tol a Horn-pipe, with any States-man a ya ad.

All. He, He, He.

Duc. I know not what your faud Theefe can do; but, I'll hold you a Wager, Colonel *Hewſon*, and Colonel *Desbro*, ſhall dance ye the Saints Jigg with any Sinner of your Kirk, or Field Conventicler.

War. Wons, and I's catch 'em at that ſprot, I's danee tol 'em for a *Scotch* Poond but farſt yar Song, my Lord, I hope 'tis body, or 'tis not werth a Feart.

All. He, He, He.

Song ſung by Lord *Lambert.*

A Pox of the States-man that's witty
That watches and Plots all the ſleepleſs Night,
For Seditious Harangues to the Whigs *of the City,*
And pioufly turns a Tratyor in ſpight.
Let him wrack and torment his lean Carrion,
To bring his Sham-Plots about,
Till Religion, King, Biſhop, and Baron,
For the Publick Good, be quite rooted out.

Whilſt

Whilſt we that are no Politicians,
But Rogues that are Reſolute, bare-fac'd and Great,
Boldly head the rude Rabble in open Sedition,
Bearing all down before us in Church and in State.
Your Impudence is the beſt State trick,
And he that by Law means to rule,
Let his Hiſtory with ours be related,
Tho' we prove the Knaves, 'tis he is the Fool.

War. The Diel a me, wele ſung my Lord, and gen aud Trads fail, yas make a quaint Minſtrel.

All. He, he, he.

War. Noo, Sirs, yar Dance? (*They fling Cuſhions at on another, and grin. Muſick plays.*
—— Marry, Sirs, an this be yar dancing, tol dance and ne're ſtir Stap, the Diel lead the Donce for *Archibald.*

When they have flung Cuſhions thus a while to the Muſick Time, they beat each other from the Table, one by one, and fall into a godly Dance; after a while, Wariſton *riſes, and dances ridiculouſly a while amongſt them, then to the Time of the Tune, they take out the reſt, as at the Cuſhion Dance, or in that Nature.* Wariſton *being the laſt taken in, leads the reſt.*

—Haud Minſtrels hade; Bread a gued, I's fatch ad Ladies in———lead away Minſtrels tol my Ladies Appartment. (*Muſick playing before all. Ex. Dancing*

SCENE *Flat.*

Enter Page.

Pag. Cock. Here muſt I wait, to give my Lady Notice when my Lord approaches;——The fine Gentleman that is alone with her, gave me theſe two fine pieces of Gold, and bad me buy a Sword to fight for the King withall; and I'm reſolv'd to lay it all out in a Sword, not a penny in Nickers, and fight for the Heroicks as long as a I have a Limb, if they be all ſuch fine Men as this within. But hark, ſure I hear ſome coming.——— (*Ex.*

Flat Scene draws off, diſcovers La. Lam. *on a Couch, with* Loveleſs, *tying a rich Diamond Bracket about his Arm; a Table behind with Lights, on which, a Velvet Cuſhion, with a Crown and Scepter cover'd.*

Lov. This Preſent's too Magnificent: Such Bracelets young Monarchs ſhou'd put on.

La. Lam. Perſons like me, when they make Preſents, Sir, muſt do it for their Glory, not conſidering the merit of the Wearer; yet this, my charming

ing *Loveleſs*, comes ſhort of what I ought to pay thy worth; comes ſhort too of my Love.

Lov. You bleſs me, Madam———

La. Lam. This the great Monarch of the World once ty'd about my Arm, and bad me wear it, till ſome greater Man ſhou'd chance to win my Heart:
Thou art that man whom Love hath rais'd above him;
Whom every Grace and every Charm thou haſt
Conſpire to make thee mightier to my Soul;
And *Oliver*, Illuſtrious *Oliver*!
Was yet far ſhort of thee.

Lov. He was the Monarch then whoſe Spoils I triumph in.

La. Lam. They were deſign'd to for Trophies to the young and Gay.
Ah, *Loveleſs*! that I cou'd reward thy Youth
With ſomething that might make thee more than man,
As well as to give the beſt of Women to thee—— (*riſes, takes him by the hand, leads him to the Table. He ſtarts.*
——Behold this Gay, this wonderous glorious thing.

Lov. Hah—a Crown—and Scepter!
Have I been all this while
So near the Sacred Relicks of my King!
And found no awful motion in my Blood,
Nothing that mov'd Sacred Devotion in me?
—— Hail Sacred Emblem of Great Majeſty,
Thou that haſt circled more Divinity
Than the great Zodiack that ſurrounds the World.
I ne'r was bleſt with ſight of thee till now,
But in much reverenc'd Pictures——— (*riſes and bows.*

La. Lam. Is't not a lovely thing?

Lov. There's ſuch Divinity i'th very Form on't,
Had I been conſcious I'd been near the Temple
Where this bright Relick of the Glorious Martyr
Had been enſhrin'd, 'thad ſpoil'd my ſoft Devotion!
———'tis Sacrilege to dally where it is;
A rude, a Sawcy Treaſon to approach it
With an unbended knee; for Heav'ns ſake, Madam,
Let us not be profane in our Delights,
Either withdraw, or hide that Glorious Object.

La. Lam. Thou art a Fool, the very ſight of this———
Raiſes my Pleaſure higher,
Methinks I give a Queen into thy Arms:
And where I love I cannot give enough; (*ſoftly.*
——Wou'd I cou'd ſet it on thy head for ever,
'Twou'd not become my ſimple Lord
The thouſandth part ſo well. (*goes to put it on his Head, he put it back*

Lov. Forbear, and do not play with holy things,
Let us retire, and love as Mortals ſhou'd,

Not

Not imitate the Gods, and ſpoil our Joys.

La. Lam. Lovely, and unambitious!
What hopes have I of all your promis'd Conſtancy,
Whilſt this, which poſſibly e're long may adorn my Brow,
And ought to raiſe me higher in your Love,
Ought to transform you even to Adoration,
Shall poorly make you vaniſh from its luſtre;
Methinks the very Fancy of a Queen
Is worth a thouſand Miſtreſſes of leſs illuſtrious Rank.

Lov. What every Pageant Queen? You might from thence inferr
I'd fall in love with every little Actreſs, becauſe
She acts the Queen for half an hour,
But then the gawdy Robe is laid aſide.

La. Lam. I'll pardon the Compariſon in you.

Lov. I do not doubt your Power of being a Queen,
But truſt, it will not laſt.
How truly brave would your great Husband be,
If whilſt he may he paid this mighty Debt
To the Right Owner!
If whilſt he has the Army in his power
He made a true and lawful uſe of it,
To ſettle our great Maſter in his Throne;
And by an act ſo glorious raiſe his Name
Even above the Title of a King.

La. Lam. You love me not, that wou'd perſwade me from my Glory.

Enter Gilliflower.

Gil. Oh Madam, the Lords are all got merry, as they call it, and are all dancing hither.

La. Lam. What, at their *Oliverian* Frolicks? —dear *Loveleſs*, withdraw, I wou'd not give the fond believing Fool a Jealouſie of me.

Gil. Withdraw Madam, 'tis impoſſible, he muſt run juſt into their mouths.

La. Lam. I'm ill at theſe Intrigues, being us'd to Lovers that ſtill came with ſuch Authority, that modeſtly my Husband wou'd withdraw —— but *Loveleſs* is in danger, therefore take care he be not ſeen.

Gil. Heavens! they are coming, there's no retreat ———

La. Lam. Lye down on the Couch ——— and cover him you with the Foot-Carpet, ——— ſo, give me my Prayer-book.

{*He lies down along on the Couch, they cover him with the Carpet:* La. Lam. *takes her Book, ſits down on his Feet, and leans on the back of the Couch reading*; Gill. *ſtands at t'other end*; *they enter dancing — as before.*

——What Inſolence is this? do you not hear me, you — Sots —— whom Gaiety and Dancing do ſo ill become.

War. (ſinging) Welcom, *Joan Sanderſon*, welcom, welcom.

{*goes to take her out, ſhe ſtrikes him*

Wons, Madam, that's no part o'th' Dance.

La. Lam. No, but 'tis part of a reward for your Inſolence, which poſſibly your Head ſhall anſwer for. ———

Lam. Pardon him, my Dear, he meant no diſreſpect to thee.

La. Lam. How dare you interrupt my Devotion, Sirrah? Begon with all your filthy ill-bred Crew. {Lam. *ſits down on* Loveleſs.

Lam. My only dear, be patient; hah! Something moves under me! Treaſon, Treaſon. (*He riſes.*

Lov. *rouls off, and turns* Lam. *over, the reſt of the men run out crying Treaſon, Treaſon, overthrowing the lights, putting 'em out.*

La. Lam. Treaſon, Treaſon! my Lord, my Lord!

Lam. Lights there, a Plot, a Popiſh Plot, lights. {*She groping about finds* Lov. *by his clothes, knows him.*

La. Lam. The Crown, the Crown, guard the Crown! —here, take this Key, the next room is my Bed-chamber, Secure your ſelf a moment. ——— *Ex. Loveleſs.*

Lights there, the Crown ——— who art thou? (*takes hold of* Lam.

Lam. 'Tis I.

La. Lam. Ah, my Lord, what's the matter? ———

Lam. Nay, my Lady, I ask you what's the matter;

Enter Page with lights.

By Heaven, all is not well: heark ye, my fine ſhe Politician, who was it you had hid beneath this Carpet?

La. Lam. Heav'ns! doſt hear him, *Gilliflower?* Sure the Fellow's mad.

Gill. Alack, my Lord, are you out of your honourable Wits? Heav'n knows, my Lady was at her Devotion.

Lam. Bawd, come, confeſs thy ſelf to be one; at her Devotion, yes, with a he Saint.

Gill. Ah! Gad forbid the Saints ſhould be ſo wicked.

La. Lam. Hark ye, thou little ſnivelling Hypocrite, who haſt no Virtue but a little Conduct in Martial Diſcipline; who haſt by Perjuries, Cheats, and Pious Villanies wound thy ſelf up into the Rabbles Favour, where thou maiſt ſtand till ſome more great in Roguery remove thee from that height, or to the Gallows, if the King return: haſt thou the impudence to charge my Virtue?

Lam. I know not, Madam, whether that Virtue you boaſt were loſt, or only ſtak't, and ready for the Gameſter; but I am ſure a Man was hid under this Carpet.

La. Lam. Oh Heav'ns, a Man!

Gil. A Lord, a Man? Are you ſure 'twas a man, my Lord? ——— Some Villanous Malignant, I'll warrant.

Lam. It may be ſo.

Gil. Alack, the Wickedneſs of theſe heroicks, to hide under Carpets; why they'll have the impudence to hide under our Petticoats ſhortly, if your Highneſs take 'em not down. (*to La. Lam.*

Lam. I do believe ſo; Death — a Cuckold; ſhall that black Cloud ſhade all my riſing Fame?

La. Lam. Cuckold! Why is that Name ſo great a Stranger to ye, Or has your riſing Fame made ye forget How long —— that Cloud has hung upon your Brow? —'Twas once the height of your Ambition Sir,

When

When you —— were a poor —— ſneaking Slave to *Cromwel*,
Then you cou'd cringe and ſneer —— and hold the Door,
And give him every Opportunity
Had not my Piety defeated your Endeavours.

Lam. That was for Glory,
Who wou'd not be a Cuckold to be great?
—— If *Cromwel* leap'd into my Saddle once,
I'll ſtep into his Throne for't: but, to be pointed at
By Raſcals that I – rule ——— 'tis inſupportable.

La. Lam. How got this fellow drunk? call up my Officers:
Who durſt deliver him this quantity of Wine?
Send ſtraight in my Name, to ſummon all the
Drunken Committee of Safety to my Preſence.
By Heav'n I'll ſhow you Sir ——— yes they ſhall
See what a fine King they're like to have
In Honeſt, Gadly, Sober, Wiſe *Jack Lambert*.
— Nay, I'll do't; d'ye think to take away my Honour thus?
I, who by my ſole Politicks and Management
Have ſet you up Villain of Villains, Sirrah.
———Away ——— ſummon 'em all. (*to* Gilliflower.

Lam. Stay ——— be not ſo raſh; who was beneath the Carpet?

La. Lam. I will not anſwer thee.

Lam. Nor any living thing?

La. Lam. No Creature in the Room, thou ſilly Ideot, but *Gilliflower* and I, — at our Devotion, praying to Heav'n for Your Succeſs to morrow, —— and am I thus rewarded! (*weeps*, Gill. *weeps too.*

Lam. My Soul, I cannot bear the ſight of Tears
From theſe dear charming Eyes.

La. Lam. No matter Sir, the Committee ſhall right me.

Lam. Upon my Knees I ask thy Pardon Dear; by all that's good, I wou'd have ſworn I'd felt ſomething ſtir beneath me as I ſat, which threw me over.

La. Lam. Only your Brains turn'd round with too much drinking and dancing, Exerciſes you are not us'd to: ——— Go ſleep, and ſettle 'em, for I'll not daign to Bed with you to night: ——— retire, as e'er you hope to have my Aid in your Advancement to the Crown.

Lam. I'm gone, — and once more pardon my Miſtake. (*bows, and goes out.*
Ex. Gill.

La. Lam. —— So, this fighting Fool, ſo worſhipp'd by the Rabble, how meanly can a Woman make him ſneak? (*to Loveleſs.*
—— the happy Night's our own. ———

Enter Gill. Loveleſs.

Lov. Excellent Creature, how I do adore thee!

La. Lam. But you, perhaps, are ſatisfied already. ———

Lov. Never; ſhou'dſt thou be kind to all Eternity. Thou haſt one Virtue more, I pay thee Homage for: I heard from the *Alcove* how great a Miſtreſs thou art in the dear Myſtery of Jilting.

La. Lam. That's the firſt Leſſon Women learn in Conventicles, Religion teaches thoſe Maxims to our Sex, by this!

Kings are depos'd, and Commonwealths are rul'd;
By Jilting all the Univerſe is fool'd.

ACT V. SCENE I. *Street.*

Enter Corporal, half dreſt; with Soldiers, Joyner and Felt-maker.

Cor. HA Rogues, the City-Boys are up in Arms; brave Boys, all for the King now!

Felt. Have a care what you ſay Sir; but as to the City's being in Mutiny, that makes well for us: we ſhall fall to our old Trade of plundering; ſomething will fall to the Righteous, and there is Plunder enough.

Corp. You plunder Sirrah, knock him down, and carry him into the Guard-room, and ſecure him. *(Two Soldiers ſeize him.*

1 *Sold.* They ſay the Committee of Safety ſate all Night at General *Lambert*'s, about ſome great Affair,— ſome rare Change Rogues!

2 *Sold.* Yes, and to put off Sorrow, they ſay, were all right reverendly drunk too.

Cor. I ſuppoſe ſo, there is ſome heavenly matter in hand; there was Treaſon cried out at the General's laſt Night, and the Committee of no Safety all ran away.

1 *Sold.* Or rather reel'd away.

Cor. The Ladies ſqueak'd, the Lords fled, and all the Houſe was up in Arms.

Felt. Yea, and with Reaſon they ſay; for the Pope in diſguiſe was found under the Ladies Bed, and two huge Jeſuits as big as the tall *Iriſh-man*, with Blunderbuſſes; having, as 'tis ſaid, a deſign to ſteal the Crown, now in Cuſtody of the General. ——

2 *Sold.* Good lack, is't poſſible?

Joyn. Nay Sir, 'tis true, and is't not time we look'd about us?

Corp. A Pox upon ye all, for lying Knaves.—— ſecure 'em both on the Guard till farther Order, —— and let us in to th' City-boys: hay for *Lombard ſtreet.*

2 *Sold.* Ay, hay for *Lombard ſtreet*; there's a Shop I have mark'd out for my own already.

1 *Sold.* There's a handſom Citizens Wife, that I have an Eye upon, her Husband's a rich Banker, I'll take t'one with t'other.

Joy. You are miſtaken Sir, that Plunder is reſerv'd for us, if they begin to mutiny; That wicked City that is ſo weary of a Commonwealth.

2 *Sold.* Yes, they're afraid of the Monſter they themſelves have made.

Enter Lov. *and* Free. *in diſguiſe.*

Corp. Hah, my Noble Colonel! what, in diſguiſe!

Free We have made our Eſcapes,— and hope to ſee better times ſhortly, the Noble *Scotch* General is come Boys.

Enter

Enter Captain of the Prentices, and a great Gang with him, arm'd with Staffs, Swords, &c.

Cap. Come my Lads, ſince you have made me Captain, I'll lead you bravely on! I'll die in the Cauſe, or bring you off with Victory.

1 *Pren.* Here's a Club ſhall do ſome Execution; I'll beat out *Hewſon*'s t'other Eye; I ſcorn to take him on the blind ſide.

Cap. In the firſt Place, we muſt all ſign a Petition to my Lord Mayor.—

2 *Pren.* Petitions, we'll have no Petition Captain; we are for Club Law, Captain. *Capt.* Obey, or I leave you. *All.* Obey, Obey.

Capt. Look ye, we'll Petition for an honeſt Free Parliament I ſay.

1 *Pren.* No Parliament, no Parliament, we have had too much of that Miſchief already Captain. *All.* No Parliament, no Parliament.

Capt. Farewell Gentlemen, I thought I might have been heard.

Free. Death, Sirs, you ſhall hear the Captain out.

All. We obey, we obey.

Capt. I ſay, an honeſt Free Parliament, not one pick'd and choſen by Faction; but ſuch an one ſhall do our bus'neſs lads, and bring in the *Great Heroick*.

All. Ay, Ay, the Great Heroick, the Great Heroick!

Lov. A fine youth, and ſhou'd be encourag'd.

Capt. Good—in the next place, the noble *Scotch* General is come, and we'll ſide with him. *Free.* Ay, ay, all ſide with him.

1 *Pren.* Your Reaſon, Captain for we have acted too much without Reaſon already. 2 *Pren.* Are we ſure of him, Captain?

Capt. Oh, he'll doubtleſs declare for the King, Boyes.

All. Hay, *Via la Roy, via la Monk.*

Capt. Next, I hear there's a Proclamation coming out to diſſolve the Committee of no Safety. *All.* Good, good.

Capt. And I hope you are all brave enough to ſtand to your Loyal Principles with your Lives and Fortunes.

All. We'll die for the Royal Intereſt.

Capt. In the next place, there's another Proclamation come out.

2 *Pren.* This Captain is a man of rare Intelligence; but for what Captain?

Capt. Why—to—hang us all, if we do not immediately depart to our reſpective Vocations, how like you that, my Lads?

2 *Pren.* Hum——hang'd! I'll e'n home again.

1 *Pren.* And I too, I do not like this hanging.

3 *Pren.* A man looks but ſcurvily with his Neck awry.

4 *Pren.* Ay, ay, We'll home.

Capt. Why now you ſhew what precious men you are—the King wou'd be finely hope up with ſuch Raſcals, that for fear of a little hanging wou'd deſert his Cauſe; a Pox upon you all, I here diſcharge ye——

—— take back your Coward Hands, and give me Hearts, (*flings 'em a Scroul.*

I ſcorn to fight with ſuch mean ſpirited Rogues.

I did but try your boaſted Courages.

Lov. Brave Boy. *Lov. and Free.* We'll die with thee Captain——

All. Oh, noble Captain, we recant——

1 *Pren.* We

1 *Pr.* We recant, dear Captain, we'll die, one and all.

All. One and all, one and all.

Capt. Why ſo, there's ſome truſting to you now.

3 *Pren.* But is there ſuch a Proclamation Captain?

Capt. There is; but anon, when the Crop-ear'd Sheriff begins to read it, let every man enlarge his Voice, and cry, no Proclamation, no Proclamation.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Lov. Brave noble Lads, hold ſtill your Reſolution,
And when your leiſure hours will give ye leave,
Drink the King's Health, here's Gold for you to do ſo.

Free. Take my mite too, brave Lads. (*gives 'em Gold*

All. Hay! *Viva* the brave Heroicks.

Enter Ananias Gogle.

Ana. Hum, What have we here, a Street-Conventicle!——or a Mutiny? Yea verily, it is a Mutiny,——What meaneth this appearance in Hoſtile manner, in open Street, by Day-light?

Capt. Hah! one of the ſanctifi'd Lady Elders, one of the Fiends of the Nation; that go about like roaring Lyons, ſeeking whom they may devour?

Lov. Who, Mr. *Ananias* the Padder.

Ana. Bear Witneſs Gentlemen all, he calls me a High-way-man; thou ſhalt be hang'd for Scandal on the Brethren.

Lov. I'll prove what I ſay, Sirrah; do not you rob on the High-way i'th' Pulpit? Rob the Siſters, and preach it lawful for them to rob their Husbands; rob men even of their Conſciences and Honeſty; nay, rather than ſtand out, rob poor Wenches of their Bodkins and Thimbles.

Ana. I commit ye; here Soldiers, I charge ye in the Name of——of——marry I know not who, in my Name, and the good People of *England*, take 'em to ſafe Cuſtody.

Capt. How, lay hold of Honeſt Gentlemen! Noble Cavaliers, knock him down. *All.* Knock him down, knock him down.

Free. Hold worthy Youths; the Raſcal has done me Service.

Ana. pulling off his Hat to 'em all.] Ye look like Citizens, that evil Spirit is entered in unto you, oh men of *London*! that ye have changed your Note, like Birds of evil *Omen*; that you go aſtray after new Lights, or rather, no Lights, and commit Whoredom with your Fathers Idols, even in the midſt of the Holy City, which the Saints have prepared for the Elect, the Choſen ones.

Capt. Hark ye, Sirrah, leave preaching, and fall to declaring for us, or thou art mortal.

Ana. Nay, I ſay nay, I will die in my Calling——yea I will fall a Sacrifice to the Good Old Cauſe; abomination ye with a mighty hand, and will deſtroy, demoliſh, and confound your Idols, thoſe heatheniſh Malignants whom you follow, even with Thunder and Lightening, even as a Field of Corn blaſted by a ſtrong blaſt. *Lov.* Knock him down.

All. Down with *Dagon*, down with him.

Enter Hewſon *with Guards.*

Hewſ. Ah Rogues, have I caught ye napping? (*They all ſurround him*

All. Whoop Cobler, Whoop Cobler. (*and his Red-Coats.*

(*The*

The Boys, Lov. *and* Free. *Corp. and Sold. beat off* Hewſon. *and his Party.* An. *gets a Sword, and fights too.*

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter Lad. Lam. *and* Gill.

Gill. I've had no time to ask your Highneſs how you ſlept to night; but that's a needleſs Queſtion.

La. Lam. How mean you? do you ſuſpect my Virtue? do you believe *Loveleſs* dares attempt any thing againſt my Honour? No *Gilliflower*, he acted all things ſo like a Gentleman, that every moment takes my heart more abſolutely.

Gill. My Lord, departed highly ſatisfied.

Lad. Lam. She is not worthy of Intrigues of Love, that cannot manage a ſilly Husband as ſhe pleaſes — but *Gilliflower*, you forget that this is Council day.

Gill. No but I do not, Madam, ſome important Suitors wait already.

Enter La. Deſ. *and La.* Fleetwood.

La. Lam. Your Servant, Madam, *Desbro*, thou'rt welcom——— *Gilliflower*, are all things ready in the Council Chamber?
We that are Great muſt ſometimes ſtoop to Acts,
That have at leaſt ſome ſhew of Charity!
We muſt redreſs the Grievance of our People.

La. Fleet. She ſpeaks as ſhe were Queen, but I ſhall put a ſpoke in her riſing Wheel of Fortune, or my Lords Politicks fail him (*Scen. draws off, Table with Papers: Chairs round it.*

La. Lam. Where are the Ladies of the Council? ——how remiſs they are in their Attendance on us?

La. Fleet. Us! Heav'ns, I can ſcarce endure this Inſolence! ——We will take care to mind 'em of their Duty———

La. Lam. We, poor Creature! how ſimply Majeſty becomes her?

They all ſitting down, Enter La. Cromwel *angrily, and takes her Place,* Lamb. *uppermoſt.*

—— Madam, as I take it, at our laſt ſitting, our pleaſure was that you ſhou'd ſit no more.

Crom. Your pleaſure! Is that the General Voice? This my Place in ſpight of thee, and all thy fawning Faction, and I ſhall keep it, when thou, perhaps, ſhalt be an humble ſuppliant here at my Foot-ſtool.

La. Lam. I ſmile at thee.

Crom. Do, and cringe; 'tis thy buſineſs to make thee Popular—
But 'tis not that, Nor thy falſe Beauty that will ſerve thy Ends.

La. Lam. Rail on; declining Majeſty may be excus'd,
Call in the Women that attend for redreſs of Grievances. *Ex. Pag.*

Enter Page with Women, and Loveleſs *dreſs'd as a Woman.*

Gentlewomen, what's your Buſ'neſs with us?

Lov. Gentlewomen, ſome of us are Ladies.

La. Lam. Ladies, in good time; by what Authority, and from whom do you derive your Title of Ladies;

La. Fleet. Have a care how you uſurp what is not your own?

Lov. How

Lov. How the Devil rebukes Sin? (*aſide.*

La. Deſ. From whom had you your Honours, Women?

Lov. From our Husbands.

Gill. Husbands; who are they, and of what ſtanding?

2 *Lad.* Of no long ſtanding, I confeſs.

Gill. That's a common Grievance indeed.

La. Deſ. And ought to be redreſs'd.

La. Lam. And that ſhall be taken into conſideration; write it down, *Gilliflower*, Who made your Husband a Knight, Woman?

Lov. Olver the firſt, an't pleaſe ye.

La. Lam. Of horrid Memory; write that down——who yours?

2 *Lad. Richard* the Fourth, an't like your Honour.

Gill. Of ſottiſh Memory; Shall I write that down too?

La. Deſ. Moſt remarkably.

Cor. Heav'ns! Can I hear this Profanation of our Royal Family? (*aſide.*

La. Lam. I wonder with what impudence *Noll* and *Dick* cou'd Knightifie your Husbands? for 'tis a Rule in Heraldry, that none can make a Knight but him that is one; 'Tis *Sancha Pancha*'s Caſe in *Don Quixot.*

Crom. How dare you queſtion my Husbands Authority? [*riſes in Anger.*
Who nobly won his Honour in the Field,
Not like thy ſneaking Lord, who Gain'd his Title
From his Wife's gay Love tricks, Bartering her Honour for his Coronet.

La. Lam. Thou ly'ſt, my Husband earn'd it with his Sword, braver and juſter than thy bold Uſurper, who waded to his Glory, through a Sea of Royal Blood.——

La. Deſ. Sure *Loveleſs* has done good on her, and converted her.

La. Fleet. Madam, I humbly beg you will be patient, You'll ruine all my Lord's Deſigns elſe.—Women, proceed to your Grievances, both publick and private.

Lov. I petition for a Penſion, my Husband, deceas'd, was a conſtant active man, in all the late Rebellion, againſt the Man; he plunder'd my Lord *Capel*, he betray'd his deareſt Friend *Brown Buſhel*, who truſted his life in his hands, & ſeveral others; plundering their Wives and Children even to their *Smocks.*

La. Lam. Moſt conſiderable Service, and ought to be conſider'd.

2 *La.* And moſt remarkably, at the Tryal of the late Man, I ſpit in's Face, and betray'd the Earl of *Holland* to the Parliament.

Crom. In the King's Face, you mean——it ſhew'd your zeal for the Good Cauſe.

2 *Lad.* And 'twas my Husband that headed the Rabble, to pull down *God* and *Magog*, the Biſhops, broke the Idols in the Windows, and turn'd the Churches into Stables and dens of Thieves; rob'd the Altar of the Cathedral of the twelve pieces of Plate call'd the twelve Apoſtles, turn'd eleven of 'em into Money, and kept *Judas* for his own uſe at home.

La. Fleet. On my word, moſt wiſely perform'd, note it down——

3 *La.* And my Husband made Libels on the Man, from the firſt Troubles to this day, defam'd and profan'd the Woman and her Children, printed all

the

the man's Letters to the Woman with Burleſque Marginal Notes, pull'd down the ſumptuous Shrines in Churches, and with the golden and Popiſh Spoiles adorn'd his own Houſes and Chimney-Pieces.

La. Lam. We ſhall conſider theſe great Services.

Lov. To what a height is Impudence arriv'd?

La. Lam. Proceed to private Grievances.

Lov. An't pleaſe your Honours, my Husband prays too much; which both hinders his private bus'neſs at home, and his Publick Services to the Commonwealth ———

La. Lam. A double Grievance ——— ſet it down *Gilliflower*.

Lov. And then he rails againſt the Whore of *Babylon*, and all my Neighbours thinks he calls me Whore. *Crom.* A moſt unpardonable fault.

La. Lam. We'll have that rectifi'd, it will concern us.

Lov. Then he never kiſſes me, but he ſays a long Grace, which is more mortifying than inviting.

La. Deſ. That is the fault of all the new Saints, which is the reaſon their Wives take a pious care, as much as in them lies to ſend 'em to Heaven, by making 'em Cuckolds.

La. Fleet. A very charitable work, and ought to be encourag'd.

[Loveleſs *gives in a Petition to* Gilliflower.

Gill. The humble Petition of the Lady *Make-ſhift*, [*reads.*

—Heav'ns! Madam, here is many thouſand hands to't of the diſtreſſed Sex.

All. Read it.

Gill. read.] Whereas there paſs'd an Act *June* 24th againſt Fornication and Adultery, to the great detriment of moſt of the young Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Commonalty of *England*, and to the utter decay of many whole Families, eſpecially when married to old Men; your Petitioners moſt humbly beg your Honours will take this Great Grievance into Mature Conſideration, and the ſaid Act may be repealed.

——— a bleſſing on 'em, they ſhall have my hand too.

La. Lam. We acknowledge, there are many Grievances in that Act: but there are many Conveniencies too, for it ties up the Villanous Tongues of men from boaſting our Favours.

Crom. But as it layes a Scandal on Society—'tis troubleſom, Society being the very Life of a Republick—*Peter*'s the firſt, and *Martin* the Second.

Lov. But in a Free-State, why ſhou'd we not be Free?

La. Deſ. Why not? we ſtand for the Liberty and Property of our Sex, and will preſent it to the Committee of Safety.

Lov. Secondly, we deſire the Heroicks, vulgarly call'd the Malignant, may not be look'd on as Monſters, for aſſuredly they are Men; and that it may not be charg'd to us as a Crime to keep 'em company, for they are honeſt men.

2 *La.* And ſome of 'em men that will ſtand to their Principles.

La. Lam. Is there no other honeſt men that will do as well?

3 *La.* Good men are ſcarce.

La. Lam. They're all for Heroicks, ſure 'tis the mode to love 'em —— I cannot blame 'em. (*aſide.*

Lov. And that when we go to Mornings and Evenings Lectures, to *Tantlings* or elſewhere, and either before or after viſit a private Friend, it may be actionable for the wicked to ſcandalize us, by terming of it, abuſing the Creature, when 'tis harmleſs recreating the Creature.

All. Reaſon, Reaſon.

Lov. Nor that any Husband ſhou'd interrupt his Wife, when at her private Devotion. *Enter Page.*

La. Lam. I have been too late ſenſible of that Grievance.

Gill. And, Madam, I wou'd humbly pray a Patent for Scoulding, to eaſe my Spleen.

Pag. An pleaſe your Highneſs, here's a Meſſenger arriv'd Poſt with Letters from my Lord the General. *Ex. Pag.*

La. Lam. Greater Affairs — oblige us to break up the Council. *Riſes, the Women retire.*

Enter Page with Meſſenger, or Letters.

——— What means this haſte? *Opens, and reads 'em.*

Crom. Hah, bleſs my Eye-ſight, ſhe looks pale, — now red again, ſome Turn to his Confuſion, Heav'n, I beſeech thee.

La. Lam. My Lord's undone! His Army has deſerted him;
Left him defenceleſs to the Enemies Pow'r.
Ah Coward Traytors! Where's that brutal Courage
That made ye ſo ſucceſsful in your Villanies?
Has Hell that taught you Valour, now abandon'd ye?
— How in an inſtant are my Glories fall'n!

Crom. Ha, ha, ha, — What, has your Highneſs any cauſe of Grief?

Gill. Call up your Courage, Madam, do not let theſe things ſcoff you, — you may be yet a Queen: Remember what *Lilly* told you, Madam.

La. Lam. Damn *Lilly*, who with lying Propheſies, has rais'd me to the hopes of Majeſty: a Legent of his Divels take him for't.

Crom. Oh, have a care of Curſing, Madam!

La. Lam. Screech-Owl, away, thy Voice is ominous.
Oh I cou'd rave! but that it is not great;
—— And ſilent Sorrow — has moſt Majeſty.

Enter Wariſton, *huffing.*

War. Wons, Madam, undone, undone; our honourable Committee is gone to th' Diel, and the damn'd looſey Rump is aud in aud; the muckle Diel ſet it i'ſolt, and his Dam drink moſt for't.

Crom. The Committee diſſolv'd, whoſe wiſe Work was that? it looks like *Fleetwood*'s ſilly Politicks.

War. Marry, and yar Ladiſhip's i'th' Right, 'twas en the Work o'th' faud Loone, the Diel breſt his Wem for't.

Enter Hewſon, Desbro, Whitlock, Duc. *and* Cob.

Hewſ. So Brethren in Iniquity, we have ſpun a fine Thread, the Rump's all in all now; rules the Roaſt, and has ſent for the General with Siſſers and Raſor. *Whit.* With a Siſſeraro, you mean.

Hewſ. None of your Terms in Law, good Brother.

War.

War. Right but gen ya have any Querks in Law, Mr. *Lyer*, that will ſave our Crags, 'twill be warth a Fee.

Duc. We have plaid our Cards fair.

War. I's deny that; Wans, Sirs, ya plaid 'em faul; a Fule had the ſhooftling of 'em, and the Muckle Diel himſelf turn up Trump.

Whit. We are loſt Gentlemen, utterly loſt; who the Devil wou'd have thought of a Diſſolution?

Hewſ. Is there no Remedy?

Duc. Death, I'll to the *Scotch* General; turn but in time as many greater Rogues than I have done, and 'twill ſave my Stake yet. — Farewel Gentlemen.

Deſ. No Remedy?

War. Nene Sirs, again the King's Evil; Bread Sirs, ya's ene gang tol yar Stall agen: I's en follow *Duckenfield*—— Farewel *Mr. Leyer.*

La. Lam. See the Viciſſitudes of Humane Glory.
Theſe Raſcals, that but Yeſterday petition'd me
With humble Adoration, now ſcarce pay
Common Civilities due to my Sex alone.

Enter Fleetwood.

Crom. How now Fool, what is't that makes ye look ſo pertly? Some mighty Buſineſs you have done, I'll warrant.

Fleet. Verily, Lady Mother, you are the ſtrangeſt Body; a Man cannot pleaſe you. — Have I not finely circumvented *Lambert*? Made the *Rump* Head, who have committed him to the *Tower*; ne're ſtir now that I have, and I'm the greateſt man in *England*, as I live I am, as a man may ſay.

Crom. Yes till a greater come. Ah Fool of Fools, not to fore-ſee the Danger of that naſty Rump.

La. Fleet. Good, Madam, treat my Lord with more Reſpect.

Crom. Away fond Fool, born with ſo little Senſe,
To doat on ſuch a wretched Idiot;
It was thy Fate in *Ireton*'s days to love him,
Or you were foully ſcandall'd.

Fleet. You are not ſo well ſpoken of neither, ne'r ſtir now, and you go to that. I can be King to morrow if I will.

Crom. Thou ly'ſt, thou wo't be hang'd firſt: mark that I tell thee ſo. I'll prove *Caſſandra* to thee, and propheſie thy Doom; Heav'n pays the Traytor back with equal meaſure. Remember how you ſerv'd my poor Son *Richard.* *Ex.* Crom. *and* Page.

Fleet. She's mad——— Come, my Dear, let's leave the Houſe of this Villain that meant to have couzen'd me illegally of three Kingdoms, —— but that I out-witted him at laſt. *Ex.* Fleet. *La.* Fleet. *and* Pag.

Enter Page.

L. Lam. Impriſon'd too, i'th' Tower! What Fate is mine? [*leans on* Deſ.

Pag. Madam, the fine Heroick's come to wait on you.

La. Lam. Hah, *Loveleſs!* let him not ſee the Ruine of my Greatneſs, which he foretold, and kindly begg'd I wou'd uſurp no more. [*weep.*

Enter Loveleſs.

Lov. This News has brought me back, I love this Woman! Vain as ſhe is, in ſpight of all her Fopperies of State — [*bows to her, and looks ſad.*

La. Lam. Alas, I do not merit thy Reſpect,
I'm fall'n to Scorn, to Pity and Contempt. [*weeping.*
Ah *Loveleſs*, fly the wretched ———
Thy Virtue is too noble to be ſhin'd on
By any thing but riſing Suns alone:
I'm a declining ſhade ———

Lov. By Heaven you were never great till now!
I never thought thee ſo much worth my Love,
My Knee, and Adoration, till this Minute. [*kneels.*
—— I come to offer you my Life, and all,
The little Fortune the rude Herd has left me.

La. Lam. Is there ſuch god-like Virtue in your Sex?
Or rather, in your Party.
Curſe on the Lies and Cheats of Conventicles,
That taught me firſt to think Heroicks Devils,
Blood-thirſty, lewd, tyrannick Salvage Monſters.
—But I believe 'em Angels all, if all like *Loveleſs*.
What heavenly thing then muſt the Maſter be,
Whoſe Servants are Divine?

Enter Page running.

Pag. Oh Madam! all the Heroick-Boys are up in Arms, and ſwear they'll have your Highneſs, dead or alive, ——— they have beſieg'd the Houſe.

La. Lam. Heav'ns, the Rabble! —— thoſe faithleſs things that us'd to crowd my Coaches Wheels, and ſtop my Paſſage, with their officious Noiſe and Adoration.

Enter Freeman.

Free. Loveleſs, Thy Aid; the City-Sparks are up;
Their zealous Loyalty admits no Bounds.
A glorious Change is coming, and I'll appear now bare fac'd.

Lov. Madam, fear not the Rabble; retire, *Freeman* and I can ſtill 'em.
[*leads her in, and bows low.*

Free. My dear *Maria*, I ſhall claim ye ſhortly —

L. D. Do your worſt, I'm ready for the Challenge [*go in.*

Ex. Lov. *and* Free. *another way.*

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Captain *and the reſt.*

Capt. I ſay we'll have the She-Politician out, ſhe did more miſchief than her Husband, pittiful, dittiful *Lambert*; who is, thanks be prais'd, in the *Tower*, to which place, Lord of his mercy bring all the Kings Enemies.

All Amen, Amen.

Enter Lov. *and* Freeman.

Lov. Why how now Captain, what beſiege the Women? No, let us lead our Force to Nobler Enemies.

Capt. Nay, noble Chief, your word's our Law. *Lov.*

Lov. No, I reſign that Title to the brave *Scotch* General, who has juſt now enter'd the City.

Cap. We know it, Sir: Do you not obſerve how the Crop-ear'd Phanaticks trot out of Town? —— The Rogues began their old belov'd Mutiny, but 'twould not do.

Lov. A Pox upon 'em, they went out like the Snuff of a Candle, ſtinkingly and blinkingly.

1 *Pr.* Ay, ay, let 'em hang themſelves, and then they are cold meat for the Devil.

Cap. But noble Champion, I hope we may have leave to Roaſt the Rump to Night.

Lov. With all our hearts, here's Money to make Fires. ——

Free. And here's for drink to't, Boys.

All. Hey — *Via le Roy, via les Heroicks!* (*go out hollowing.*

Enter Ananias *peeping, Felt. and Joyner.*

Ana. So, the Rabble's gone: ah Brethren! what will this wicked World come to?

Felt. Alack, alack, to no goodneſs, you may be ſure: pray what's the News? (Fleet. *peeping out of a Garret Window.*

Fleet. Anania, Anania!

Ana. Who calleth *Ananias?* lo, here am I.

Fleet. Behold, it is I, look up. How goeth tidings?

Ana. Full ill, I fear; 'tis a bad Omen to ſee your Lordſhip ſo nigh Heaven; when the Saints are Garretified.

Fleet. I am fortifying my ſelf againſt the Evil day.

Ana. Which is come upon us like a Thief in the Night; like a Torrent from the Mountain of Waters, or a Whirlwind from the Wilderneſs.

Fleet. Why, what has the Scotch General done?

Ana. Ah! he playeth the Devil with the Saints in the City, becauſe they put the Covenant Oath unto him, he pulls up their Gates, their Poſts and Chains, and enters.

Felt. And wou'd the wicked City let him have his beaſtly will of her?

Ana. Nay, but ſhe was raviſh'd —— deflower'd.

Joyn. How, raviſh'd! oh monſtrous! was ever ſuch a Rape committed upon an innocent City? lay her Legs open to the wide World, for every Knave to view her Nakedneſs?

Felt. Ah, ah! what Days, what Times, and what Seaſons are here?

Enter Captain, Corporal, and Prentices, with faggots, hollowing.

Corp. What ſay you now, Lads, is not my Propheſie truer than *Lilly*'s? I told you the Rump would fall to our handling and drinking for: the Kings proclaim'd, Rogues.

Cap. Ay, ay, *Lilly*, a Plague on him, he propheſied *Lambert* ſhould be uppermoſt.

Cor. Yes, he meant perhaps on *Weſtminſter* Pinacle: where's *Lilly* now, with all his Prophecies againſt the *Royal Family*?

Capt. In one of his Twelve Houſes.

1 *Pr.* We'll fire him out to night, Boy; come, all hands to work for the Fire. *Exeunt all, hollowing.*

Fleet. Ah, diſmal, heavy day, a day of Grief and Wo,
Which haſt bereft me of my hopes for ay, ah Lard, what ſhall I do? *Exit.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Lov. *leading La.* Lam. *in diſguiſe, Page and* Gilliflower *diſguis'd,* Lov. *dreſſing her.*

Lov. My Charmer, why theſe Tears?
If for the fall of all thy painted Glories,
Thou art, in the eſteem of all good men,
Above what thou wert then:
The glorious Sun is riſing in our Hemiſphere,
And I, amongſt the crowd of Loyal Sufferers,
Shall ſhare in its kindly Rayes.

La. Lam. Beſt of thy Sex ——
What have I left to gratifie thy goodneſs?

Lov. You have already by your noble Bounty
Made me a Fortune, had I nothing elſe;
All which I render back, with all that Wealth
Heaven and my Parents left me:
Which, tho' unjuſtly now detain'd from me,
Will once again be mine, and then be yours.

Enter Free.

Free. Come, haſte, the Rabble gather round the Houſe,
And ſwear they'll have this Sorcereſs.

Lov. Let me looſe among 'em, their rude officious honeſty muſt be puniſh'd.

La. Lam. Oh, let me out, do not expoſe thy Perſon to their mad rage, rather reſign the Victim. (*holds him.*

Lov. Reſign thee! by Heaven, I think I ſhou'd turn Rebel firſt.

Enter La. Def. *diſguis'd, and* Page, *with Jewels in a Box.*

La. Def. With much ado, according to thy direction, dear *Freeman*, I have paſs'd the Pikes, my Houſe being ſurrounded, and my Husband demanded, fell down dead with fear.

Free. How, thy Husband dead!

La. Def. Dead as old *Oliver*, and much ado I got off with theſe Jewels, the Rabble ſwore I was one of the Party, and had not the honeſt Corporal convinc'd 'em, I had been pull'd to pieces. —— Come, haſte away, Madam, we ſhall be roaſted with the Rump elſe.

La. Lam. Adieu, dear Manſion! whoſe rich gilded Roofs ſo oft put me in mind of Majeſty — And thou my Bed of State, where my ſoft Slumbers have preſented me with Diadems and Scepters,— when waking I have ſtretch'd my greedy Arms to graſp the vaniſh'd Phantom! ah, adieu! and all my hopes of *Royalty* adieu. ——

Free. And dare you put your ſelf into my Protection? Well, if you do, I doubt you'l never be your own Woman again.

La. Def.

La. Def. No matter, I'm better loſt than found on ſuch occaſions. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street; a great Bonfire, with Spits, and Rumps roaſting, and the Mobile about the Fire, with Pots, Bottles, and Fiddles.*

1 *Pren.* Here, *Jack*, a Health to the King.

2 *Pren.* Let it paſs, Lad, and next to the Noble General.

1 *Pren.* *Ralph*, baſte the Rump well, or ne'er hope to ſee a King agen.

3 *Pren.* The Rump will baſte it ſelf, it has been well cram'd.

Enter Freeman, *La.* Def. Loveleſs, *and La.* Lam. Gill. *Pages, &c.*

Capt. Hah, Noble Champion, Faith Sir, you muſt honour us ſo far as to drink the King's Health, and the Noble General's, before you go.

Enter Wariſton, *dreſt like a Pedlar, with a Box about his Neck full of Ballads and things.*

War. Will ya buy a guedly Ballat or a Scotch Spur Sirs? a guedly Ballat or a Scotch Spur. —— 'Sbread, I's ſcapt hitherte weele enough, I's ſav'd my Crag fro ſtretching twa Inches longer than 'twas borne: will ya buy a Jack-line to roſt the Rump, a new *Jack Lambert* line, — or a blithe Ditty, of the Noble Scotch General —— come buy my Ditties.

Capt. How, a Ditty o'th' General? let's ſee't, Sirrah.

War. 'Sbread, Sirs, and here's the guedly Ballat of the General's coming out of *Scotland.*

Capt. Here, who ſings it? we'll all bear the bob.

[Wariſton *ſings the Ballad, all bearing the Bob.*

Enter Ananias, *crying Almanacks.*

Ana. New Almanacks, new Almanacks.

Capt. Hah, who have we here? *Ananias Holder-forth* of *Clements* Pariſh?

All. Ha, a Traytor, a Traytor.

Lov. If I be not miſtaken, this blithe Ballad-ſinger too was Chair-man to the Committee of Safety.

Capt. Is your Lordſhip turned Pedlar at laſt?

War. What mon I do noo? Lerd, ne mere Lerd than yar ſel Sir; wons I's ſhow 'em a fair pair a heels.

Capt. Play Fortune my Foe, Sirrah. } *goes to run away, they get him on a Colt-ſtaff, with* Ananias *on another, Fidlers playing* Fortune my Foe *round the Fire.*

Enter Hewſon, *dreſt like a Country fellow.*

Cor. Who are you, Sirrah? you have the mark o'th' Beaſt.

Hewſ. Who aye, Sir? Aye am a Doncer, that come a merry-making among ya ——

Cap. Come, Sirrah, your Feats of Activity quickly then.

} *He dances; which ended, they get him on a Coleſtaff, and cry a* Cobler, *a* Cobler.

All. A Cobler, a Cobler.

Capt. To Priſon with the Traytors, and then we have made a good Nights work on't.

Then let's all home, and to the Powers Divine
Pray for the King, and all the Sacred Line.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Lady *Desbro.*

THE Vizor's off, and now I dare appear
High for the Royal Cause *in Cavalier;*
Though once as true a Whig *as most of you,*
Cou'd Cant, and Lye, Preach and Dissemble too;
So far you drew me in, but faith I'll be
Reveng'd on you for thus debauching me:
Some of your pious Cheats I'll open lay,
That lead your Ignoramus *Flock astray:*
For since I cannot fight, I will not fail
To exercise my Talent, that's to rail.
Ye Race of Hypocrites, whose Cloak of Zeal
Covers the Knave that cants for Commonweale,
All Laws, the Church and State to Ruine brings,
And impudently set a Rule on Kings;
Ruine, destroy, all's good that you decree
By your Infallible Presbytery.
Prosperous at first, in Ills you grow so vain,
You thought to play the Old Game *o'er again:*
And thus the Cheat was put upon the Nation,
First with Long Parliaments, *next* Reformation,
And now you hop'd to make a new Invasion:
And when you can't prevail by open Force,
To cunning tickling Tricks you have recourse,
And raise Sedition forth without Remorse.
Confound these Cursed Tories, *then they cry,*
Those Fools, those Pimps to Monarchy,
Those that Exclude the Saints; yet open th' Door
To introduce the Babylonian *Whore.*
By Sacred Oliver *the Nation's mad;*
Beloved, 'twas not so when he was Head!
But then, as I have said it oft before ye,
A Cavalier *was but a Type of* Tory.
The Currs durst then not bark, but all the Breed
Is much ensreas'd since that good Man was dead:
Yet then they rail'd against the Good Old Cause,
Rail'd foolishly for Loyalty and Laws;
But when the Saints had put them to a stand.
We left them Loyalty, and took their Land:
Yes, and the Pious Work of Reformation
Rewarded was with Plunder, Sequestration.
This Cant the Faithful; nay, they're so uncivil,
To pray us harmless Players to the Devil.
When this is all th' Exception they can make,
They damn us for our Glorious Master's sake.
But why 'gainst us do you unjustly arm?
Our Small Religion sure can do no harm;
Or if it do, since that's the only thing,
We will reform, when you are True to th' King.

In a Preaching tone.